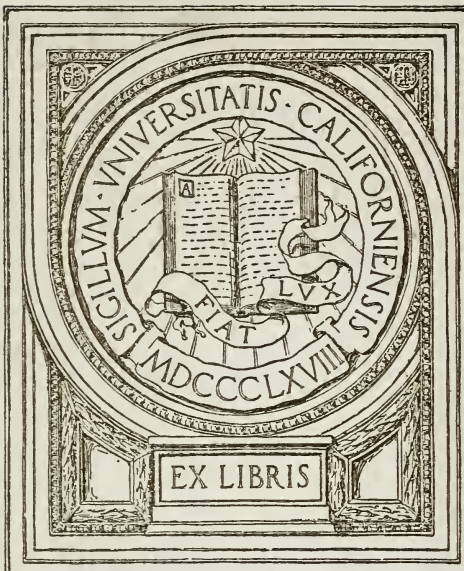
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By E. F. RIMBAULT, *LL.D. &c.*

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OF

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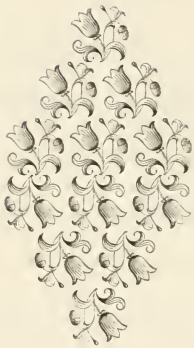
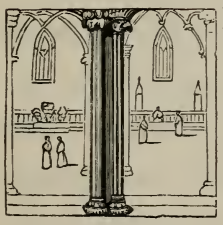
THIS TRIFLE IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, AS A SMALL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE HONOUR CONFERRED UPON THE EDITOR BY ELECTING HIM A CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THEIR LEARNED BODY.

THE CONTENTS.



A Little Book of Songs and Ballads.

INTRODUCTION.



THE LITTLE BOOK OF SONGS AND BALLADS, now offered to the public, is a gathering from various sources, and may be likened unto the wallet of one of those minstrels of the olden time, who

> "Walken fer and wyde,
> Here, and ther, in every syde,
> In many a diverse londe."

It does not indeed contain the "lay of chivalry," or the "romance of price;" but in it may be found rhymes adapted to the old tavern-min-

strelsy used by harpers, who gave "a fit of mirth for a groat;" "Carols for Christmas;" "Poems for Bride Ales," as Puttenham, the arch-critic of Elizabeth's reign, has it; and "diverse small rimes,"

> "Sum of love, and sum of wo,
> Sum of joie, and mirthe also."

The productions of the minstrels were of various kinds. The romance of chivalry seems principally to have been composed for the gratification of knights and nobles. Thus they frequently commence with an invitation to the "Lords," to listen and attend; whilst, on the other hand, it is probable that those in the lower class of life were amused with lays of a nature more readily addressed to their feelings and occupations, and which were occasionally satirical, and generally ludicrous.[1]

[1] See the Introduction to Utterson's *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*.

Of these the quaint and merry Skelton thus sings:—

> "Though my rime be ragged,
> Tattered and jagged,
> Rudely rain-beaten,
> Rusty, moth-eaten,
> If ye take well therewith,
> It hath in it some pith."

Concerning this wandering class of men, the minstrels, much has been written; but perhaps after all Bishop Percy was not far wrong when he designated them as "an order of men in the middle ages, who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp, *of their own composing.*" [2]

The monastic education of the minstrels, and their intimate connection with the musical service of the church, has not, we think, been properly investigated, or the qualifications which

[2] *Relics of Ancient English Poetry.*

the learned bishop has awarded them would hardly have been disputed.[3]

"In all countries and in all ages the first and principal application of music has been uniformly to the purposes of religious worship; and in order to provide a competent succession of persons capable of singing the different portions in the church service, and to guard it from corruptions, in consequence of the ignorance of those by whom it was sung, it was found necessary that music should form a part of the clerical education. It was therefore taught in the schools belonging to the monasteries, to such of the children of the neighbourhood as were sent thither for education; the system of instruction in which appears to have consisted of learning the psalms, probably by heart, and acquiring the

[3] For an impartial review of the well-known dispute between Bishop Percy and "Mister" Ritson, see the Introductory Essay prefixed to the last edition of Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

principles of music, singing, arithmetic, and grammar. By this method, boys were, from time to time, procured for the service of the choir, and a succession of singers secured to fill up such vacancies as might be occasioned by deaths; for some of these boys, when their voices broke, perhaps betook themselves to the church as their profession, embraced the monastic habit and rule, and became ecclesiastical members of the foundation where they had been educated. Others, on the contrary, disliking the monastic restraint, and availing themselves of their musical education, applied to music as their profession, and were occasionally employed in the monasteries, to assist in the choir on Saints' days and high festivals, when a more solemn service was performed, and a greater number of performers required.

"In the intermediate space, these laymen subsisted by travelling about from the court or palace

of one prince or nobleman to that of another, to entertain the lord and his guests in the character of a minstrel, by singing legends of the saints in verse, historical ballads, romances in verse, and other vocal compositions, *written and set to music by themselves*, and which they also sung, accompanying themselves at the same time on some musical instrument.

"Between the common 'violar' and the character of the minstrel there existed this wide difference, that, while the former might be justly ranked with the lowest order of the people, the latter had the benefit of such a regular education, as would have qualified him for a profession of comparative learning and elegance.[4] In the schools of the monasteries, the minstrel had learnt something of the theoretical principles of

[4] We read in the old romance of *Launfel*,

"They had menstralles of *moche honour*,
Fydelers, sytolyrs, and trompeters."

Thus clearly showing the distinction between the *educated* minstrel and illiterate performers upon instruments.

music, the practical part of singing, and the elements of grammar; including also, perhaps as much knowledge of poetry as was sufficient for the composition of a song or ballad. Persons already acquainted with the principles of music, could find little difficulty in acquiring sufficient skill to play on the viol, or some such instrument, a simple melody; and the whole of this together formed a sufficient body of theoretical science and practical skill, to enable them to compose and play a variety of simple tunes. Like the ecclesiastics, these men must have been disgusted with the monotony of the *plain chant;* and that disposition to hilarity and merriment which they appear to have possessed, would naturally lead them to the composition of gay and lively melodies. These they no doubt produced by making variations on the church melodies; a method known to those skilled in church music, by the name of Descant. Extending their skill still

further, they at length formed melodies of more originality, and became in time *the sole authors of the music, as well as of the words, of the compositions which they sung and played.*

"Thus qualified by their education to teach what, it must be confessed, none were likely better to understand, it is no matter of surprise, that the minstrels and monks should have been, for some centuries, the only teachers of music in Europe. Travelling from place to place, and from the court of one prince to that of another, as the minstrels particularly did, they had opportunities of disseminating the principles of musical erudition; and in proportion to the degree of elegance and politeness to which their auditors had arrived, would be the disposition of those who heard their performances, to cultivate and practise the arts of music and poetry." [5]

[5] *An Essay on Minstrelsy*, by John Sidney Hawkins, Esq., F. S. A. (MS. *penes* the Editor.)

The minstrels at one period were of "moche honour," and of "great admittance" in the houses of the nobility. We have a curious picture of this in the romance of *Orpheo*, who, when he is questioned by the king of the fairies how he had the audacity to enter his palace, replies,—

"—— Syre, I trow wele
I ame bot a pore mynstrelle,
And 3it it ys the maner off us
For to seke to gret lordes hous;
And thoff we not welcome be,
Zit we behovyeth to prefere our gle."

The minstrels were frequently rewarded with gold chains or cups; but robes and garments were the more usual presents. In the curious poem entitled *The Vision of Piers Ploughman*, (A. D. 1362) a minstrel thus describes himself:—

"I am a mynstrall,
My name is *Activa-vita*;
Al ydelnesse ich hatie,
For of actif is my name;

A wafrer, wol ye wite,
And serve manye lordes,
And fewe robes I fonge,
Or furrede gownes.
Couthe I lye to do men laughe,
Thanne lacchen I sholde
Outher mantel or monie
Amonges lordes or mynstrals."

In the romance of *Sir Isumbras* it is said that—

"He luffede glewmene wele in haulle,
He gafe theme robis riche of palle,
Bothe golde and also fee."

In the romance of *Sir Degrevant* we read that—

"Mynstrallus hade in halle
Grete gyftys withalle,
Rych robus of palle,
With garnementus hale."

And in another part of the same we are told that—

"And c. pound and a stede
He send the mynstralus to mede,
Off gyffte was he never gnede,
ffor wele nor for wo!"

"In later times," as Mr. Tytler justly observes,[6] "the clergy were the bitter enemies of the minstrels, whom they considered as satirical rivals or intruders, who carried off from the church the money which might have been devoted to more pious and worthy uses. They talk of them as profligate, low-bred buffoons, who blow up their cheeks, and contort their persons, and play on horns, harps, trumpets, pipes, and moorish flutes, for the pleasure of their lords, and who, moreover, flatter them by songs and tales, and adulatory ballads, for which their masters are not ashamed to repay these ministers of the prince of darkness with large sums of gold and silver, and with rich embroidered robes."

At the period of the Reformation, when the production of songs and ballads were passing from the hands of the then neglected minstrels, a class of composition arose which received the

[6] *History of Scotland*, vol. ii, p. 373.

appellation of "King Henry's Mirth," or "Freemen's Songs," a few of the most curious of which we have included in the following pages. Henry the Eighth, whose principal object throughout his reign seems from his conduct to have been pleasure, and the gratification of his own propensities, had a particular taste for music. Hall tells us that during his progresses he exercised himself daily in singing, playing on the recorders, flute, and virginals; and also in "settyng of songes, and makyng of ballettes."[7] And from the same authority we learn that "he did set ij goodly masses, every of them fyve partes, which were song oftentimes in hys chapel, and afterwardes in diverse other places."[8] Erasmus also

[7] Chronicle, An. 2, Henry VIII.

[8] Playford, in his *Introduction to the Skill of Musick*, ed. 1670, says, "King Henry the Eighth did much advance musick in the first part of his reign, when his mind was more intent upon arts and sciences, at which time he invited the best masters out of Italy and other countries, whereby he grew to great knowledge therein, of which he gave testimony in composing, with his own hand, two entire services, of five and six parts, which were often sung in his chappel."

tells us that he composed offices for the church, and Bishop Burnet has vouched his authority for asserting the same. Henry was undoubtedly skilled in the art of practical composition; an evidence of which exists in the motet "Quam pulchra es et quam decora," contained in a MS. collection of anthems, motets, &c., copied by John Baldwine of the choir of Windsor, A.D. 1591. It is a composition for three voices, with these words—"Henricus Octavus" at the beginning, and these, "Quod Rex Henricus Octavus," at the end of the cantus, or upper part. [9]

In the life of Sir Peter Carew, collected by John Vowell, A.D. 1575,[10] we are told, that "on his (Sir Peter's) introduction at the court of King Henry the Eighth, he continued, for the

[9] Printed in Sir John Hawkins's *History of Musick*, vol. ii. p. 534.

[10] Printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxviii, pp. 96-151, from the original MS. in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart. The passage in the text was kindly pointed out to me, some years since, by the late Mr. Nicholas Carlisle.

most part, spending his time in all courtly exercises, to his great praise and commendation, and, especially, to the good liking of the king, who had a great pleasure in him, as well for his sundry noble qualities, as also for his singinge. For the king himself being much delighted to sing, and Sir Peter Carew having a pleasant voice, the king would very often use him to sing with him certain songs, which they called 'Freemen's Songs,' as, namely,

'By the bancke as I lay;'

and

'As I walked the woods so wylde.'"

From the "Black Sanctus," concerning which an account is given in a letter of Sir John Harrington to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, printed in the "Nugæ Antiquæ,"[11] and from "the Kyngs Balade," beginning

"Passe tyme with good cumpanye,"

[11] Vol. ii, p. 82. The passage is as follows:—"In an old booke of my father's I read a merrie verse, which, for lack of my owne, I send by

printed in the following pages, it is plain that the king's disposition led him to music, as the means of promoting mirth.

From about the time of Edward the Third, downwards, the monks and secular clergy, as well as the minstrels, had occasionally produced jocular songs and compositions of merriment; but the encouragement given by Henry the Eighth to such productions, revived the practice with great vigour. This circumstance induced others to compose songs of the same kind, which, in reference to their origin, they termed *King*

Mr. Bellot, to divert your lordshippe, when, as you say, weighty pain and weightier matters will yield to quips and merriment. This verse is called 'The Blacke Sauntus, or Monkes Hymne to Saunte Satane, made when Kynge Henrie had spoylede their Synginge.' My father was wont to say that Kynge Henrie was used, in pleasaunte moode, to singe this verse; and my father, who had his good countenaunce, and a goodlie office in his courte, and also his goodlie Esther (a natural daughter of the kyng's) to wife, did sometyme receive the honour of hearing his own songe, for he made the tune, which my man Combe hath sent herewith; having been much skilled in musicke, which was pleasing to the kynge, and which he learnt in the fellowship of good Maister Tallis, when a young man."

Henry's Mirth; and in allusion to their lively and cheerful tendency, they denominated *Freemen's Songs.*[12] The meaning of this last appellation has been a subject of inquiry with some, but has never been sufficiently explained. It appears, according to J. S. Hawkins, that these compositions were the invention of this country, and evidently for the reason before mentioned; that they were unknown in Italy, and that Thomas Lord Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who went from Antwerp to Rome in 1510, was the first who introduced them into that country. These circumstances are evidenced by the two following stanzas in Michael Drayton's *Legend of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex*, which was first printed

[12] The propriety of this term will want no justification, when it is known, as is the fact, that in the Anglo-Saxon language, *Freols dæg* signifies an holiday or festival; *Freols gær*, the year of jubilee or freedom; *Freolsian*, to keep or observe a festival or holiday, to rejoice, to shout for joy; *Freolstid*, a festival time, or tide; *Freolice*, festive, lively, quick, merry, frolic; and *Freols*, a feast, festival, or holiday, mirth, pleasantness, jollity.—See Somner's *Saxon Glossary.*

in quarto, in 1609, and afterwards inserted in Higgins's *Mirrour of Magistrates:*

"The good successe th' affaires of England found,
Much prais'd the choice of me that had been made;
For where most men the depth durst hardly sound,
I held it nothing boldly through to wade
My selfe, and through the straitest waies I woond;
So could I act, so well I could perswade,
As meerely joviall, me to mirth applie,
Compos'd of freedome and alacritie.

Not long it was ere Rome of me did ring,
(Hardly shall Rome so full daies see again)
Of FREEMEN'S CATCHES to the Pope I sing,
Which wan much licence to my countrimen.
Thither the which I was the first did bring,
That were unknowne to Italy till then.
Light humours them when judgment doth direct,
Even of the wise win plausible respect."

The reign of the maiden Queen gave the death-blow to the long sinking race of English minstrels, and an edict went forth, pronouncing them all, of whatever class, "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

"They are accounted vagrant roges
By act of parliament,
What reason why they should not then,
Like roges, to jaile be sent * * *
Except they doo belong to men
Which are of high degree,
As in that act by woords set downe
Expressly we may see.
To such, I think, but few of these
Vain pipers doo pertain:
To men so grave a shame it were
Fond fidlers to maintain.
A great disgrace it were to them
Their cloth abrode to send,
Upon the backs of them which doo
Their life so lewdly spend." [13]

Still, in spite of the degradation of the minstrels, that species of entertainment which had been handed down from the ancient bards, was not wholly excluded from more genteel assem-

[13] *A Dialogue betwene Custome and Veritie, concerninge the Use and Abuse of Dauncinge and Mynstralsye. Imprinted by John Allde* [1581]. The author of this excessively rare and amusing book was Thomas Lovell.—See *Bibliotheca Heberiana*, part iv; and Mr. J. P. Collier's *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, vol. ii.

blies. The author of the *Arte of English Poesie*, speaking in relation to the society in which he moved, and he was one of Queen Elizabeth's gentleman-pensioners, at a time when the whole band consisted of men distinguished by birth and fortune, he says, "We ourselves have written for pleasure, a little brief romance, or historical ditty, in the English tongue, in short and long metre, and by breaches or divisions (*i. e.* fits), to be more commodiously sung to the harp, in places of assembly, where the company shall be desirous to hear of old adventures and valiances of noble knights in times past, as those of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, Sir Bevis of Southampton, and others like."

As we have before said, our little Garland singeth not of the "deeds of noble knights," nor of the loves and pains of "gentle dames." 'Tis but a collection of "diverse" scraps, gleaned from a variety of ancient Music Books both manu-

script and printed; and although some pieces have been edited before, sometimes from the same original, it more frequently happens that our versions have been taken from new and independent sources. We need scarcely make any apology or excuse for what we have done, as our labours tend neither "to good nor harm." Accept then, gentle reader, what we offer unto thee in kindness. It is but the amusement of a passing hour; and, in the words of old Fabyan, the citizen chronicler of London,

> "Whoso him lyketh these verses to rede.
> With favor I pray he'll them spell;
> Let not the rudeness of them him lede
> To disprove this rhyme doggerell."

E. F. R.

3, *Augustus Square,*
Regent's Park.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

I.

Song in Praise of Arthur, Prince of Wales.

A.D. 1501.

THE following Song is given from an ancient parchment book, consisting of early English songs in parts, in the possession of the editor. It was *written* and composed by "Maister Edmond Turges,"[1] and the MS. from which it is taken is in all probability the original. Another copy may be seen in the Fayrfax MS. (Add. MS. Brit. Mus. No. 5465.)

Prince Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII, died April 2d, 1502. Henry, his brother, "was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester in Parliament, by the girding on a sword, the putting a cap on his head, a gold ring on his finger, and a golden rod in his hand, 18th Feb. 1503. An. 1. 9 Henry VII." (See Sandford's *Genealog. Hist.*)

A distinguishing mark of honour peculiar to the Prince of Wales consists of a plume of three ostrich feathers, with an

[1] This person was probably a near relation to a minstrel of the same name. In the Act of Resumption, 28th Henry VI, there is a proviso in favour of *John* Turges, harpour with the Queen, for the reversion of an annuity of ten marks, after the death of Will. Langton, minstrel.

ancient coronet, under which in a scroll is the well-known motto, "Ich Dien," — "I serve;" a device assumed by Edward the Black Prince after the famous battle of Cressy, in which he slew with his own hand John, king of Bohemia, the stipendiary of the king of France, in whose wars he was then serving; and it was from the head of the Bohemian monarch that Edward, then Prince of Wales, took such a plume and motto, and which have ever since, in remembrance of that event, been borne by his successors.

From stormy wyndes and grevous wether,
Good Lord preserve the ostrige fether.

O blessed Lord of hevyn celestiall,
Which formyd hast of thy most speciall grace,
Arthur, oure prynce, to us here terestriall,
In honor to rayne! Lord graunt hym tyme and place.

Which of alyaunce,
Oure prynce of pleasaunce,
Be in erytaunce,
Of Ynglond and Fraunce,
Ryȝt eyre for to be;
Wherefore now syng we,

From stormy wyndes, &c.

Wherefore good Lord syth of thy creacion
Is this noble prince of ryall linage;
In every case be his preservacion,
With joy to rejose his dewe enerytaunce.

His ry3t to optayne,
In honor to rayne,
This eyre of brytayne,
Of Castill, and Spayne,
Ry3t eyre for to be;
Wherefore now syng we,
From stormy wyndes, &c.

Now good lady among the saynts all,
Praye to the Sone, the second in Trinitie,
For this yong prince, which is and daily shal be
Thy servaunt, with all his hart to fre.

O celestiall
Moder maternall,
Emprise infernall,
Now we cry and call,
His save gard to be;
Wherefore now syng we,
From stormy wyndes, &c.

II.

This gentill Day dawes.

This rude, but once highly popular song, was evidently written about the year 1500, out of compliment to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV, and consort of Henry VII. Elizabeth was herself called *the White Rose*, because she represented the house of York, whose cognizance it was, and might be said metaphorically to have added that flower to the Red Rose of the house of Lancaster, borne by her husband. It is given from the Fairfax MSS., a curious collection of English Songs, with the music, written about the year 1500, now in the British Museum. (Add. MS., 5465.)

It is thus mentioned in Gawin Douglas's 13th Prologue to his translation of Virgil (1513):

"Thareto thir birdis singis in thare schawis,
As menstralis playis '*The joly day now dawes.*'"

Dunbar, about thirty years after Douglas, mentions it, and another tune besides, in a satirical Address "To the Merchantis of Edinburgh:"

"Your common menstrales hes no tune,
But '*Now the day daws*,' and 'Into June.'"

The "profane song" of this title was converted to one of "the gude and godlie ballatis," about the time of the Reformation. The first verse runs thus:

"Hay! now the day dallis,
Now Christ on us callis,

Now welth on our wallis
Appeiris anone:
Now the word of God rings,
Whilk is King of all kings;
Now Christis flock sings,
The night is neere gone."

(*Dalzell's Scottish Poems of the* 16*th Century*, vol. ii, p. 180.)

Alexander Montgomery has a set of verses on the same theme, commencing— "Hay! now the day dawis,
The jolie cok crawis."

Thus, also, in *The Muses' Threnodie*, a local poem, written at Perth in the reign of James VI, "Hey, the day now dawnes," is quoted as the name of a celebrated old Song; and in "The Life and Death of the Piper of Kilbarchan, or the Epitaph of Habbie Simpson," published in Watson's *Collection of Scots Poems*, 1706, the following line occurs:

"Now, who shall play, '*The day it daws?*'"

These notices are extremely valuable, as proving that, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, there were songs common to the literate classes of both nations. Mr. Chambers (*Introduction to Scottish Songs*, p. 18) suggests that the tune of this Song was probably the *Reveillée*, commonly played by the pipers or town-minstrels throughout Scotland, to rouse the inhabitants to their daily labour.

THIS day now dawes,
This gentill day dawes,
And I must home gone.

In a glorious garden grene,
Saw I syttyng a comly quene;
Among the flowres that fresh byn,
She gadered a floure and set betwene;
The lyly-white rose me thought I sawe.
And ever she sang,
This day now dawes,
This gentill day dawes,
And I must home gone.

In that garden be floures of hew,
The gelofir gent. that she well knew,
The floure de luce she did on rewe,
And said that whyte rose is most trewe.
The garden to rule by ryght wis lawe,
The lyly-white rose me thought I sawe.
And ever she sang,
This day now dawes,
This gentill day dawes,
And I must home gone.

III.

Ballad on the Marriage of Margaret Tudor.

THE following not inelegant stanzas seem to have been occasioned by the marriage of Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII, to James IV, king of Scotland, in 1503, of whom it is related, that having taken arms against his own father, he imposed on himself the voluntary penance of continually wearing an iron chain about his waist.

It is taken from a small oblong volume of English and other songs, temp. Henry VIII, in the King's Library, British Museum (Append. to Royal MSS. No. 58).

The ceremonies which accompanied this marriage are too well known to need a comment here. Dunbar of Salton celebrated the nuptials in an allegory entitled "The Thistle and the Rose," which is still admired as one of the happiest efforts of Scottish poetry.

O fayre, fayrest of every fayre,
Princes most pleasaunt and preclare,
The lustiest on lyve that bene,
Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

Yong tender plant of pulchritude,
Descendith of imperial blood;
Fresh fragrant flower of fayrehode shene,
Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

Sweet lustie imp of bewtie clere,
Moste mighty kings dowghter dere;
Borne of princes most serene,
Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

Welcum the rose both red and whyte,
Welcum the flower of our delyte;
Our spirit rejoicing from the splene,
Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

IV.

Margaret Meke.

From a parchment book, temp. Henry VIII, in the possession of the editor. The music is in three parts by a composer who signs himself "Browne." Another copy of both words and music is contained in the Fayrfax MS. in the British Museum (Add. MSS. No. 5465, fol. 102 b). On the margin of the editor's MS. is written in a contemporary hand—"In prayse of y^e^ kyngs sister."

Margaret Meke,
Whom I now seke,
Ther is none lyke I dare well say;
So manerly,
So curtesly,
So prately,
She delits allway.

That goodly las,
When she me pas,
Alas! I wote not where
I go or stonde;
I thynke me bonde,
In se in lond,
To comfort her.

Her lusty chere,
Her eyes most dere,
I know no fere
In her beaute:
Both Cate and Bes,
Mawde and Anes,
Sys is witnes
Of her fetysnesse.

My Margaret
I cannot mete
In feeld ne strete,
Wofull am I;
Leve love this chaunce,
Your chere avaunce,
And let us daunce
Herk my Lady.[2]

[2] Probably the name of some ancient dance-tune, now forgotten.

V.

Satirical Song on the Flemings.

THE following piece of satire is preserved in the Fairfax MS., which once belonged to Ralph Thoresby, and is now among the additional MSS. in the British Museum (5465, fol. 114). Sir John Hawkins, who has printed it with the music, tells us that it "is supposed to be a satire on those drunken Flemings who came into England with the princess Anne of Cleves, upon her marriage with Henry VIII." (*History of Music*, vol. iii, p. 2.) But the song probably relates to "rutterkyns" of a much earlier period. It is not unlikely to be the composition of Skelton.

In the *Interlude of Magnyfycence*, Courtly Abusyon exclaims—

"Rutty bully, joly rutterkyn, heyda!"

Dyce's *Skelton*, vol. i, p. 249.

"*Rutter*," says the Rev. A. Dyce, "which properly means a rider, a trooper (Germ. *reiter*, *reuter*), came to be employed, like its diminutive *rutterkin*, as a cant term, and with various significations. (See *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. q. iii, ed. 1530; Drant's *Horace his Arte of Poetrie*, &c., sig. D ii, ed. 1567.)"

HOYDA, joly rutterkyn, hoyda,
Lyke a rutterkyn hoyda.

Rutterkyn is com vnto oure towne,
In a cloke without cote or gowne,
Save a raggid hode to kover his crowne,
Like a rutter hoyda.

Rutterkyn can speke no englissh,
His tonge rennyth all on buttyrd fyssh,
Besmerde with grece abowte his disshe,
Like a rutter hoyda.

Rutterkyn shall bryng you all good luk,
A stoup of bere up at a pluk,
Till his brayne be as wyse as a duk,
Like a rutter hoyda.

When rutterkyn from borde will ryse,
He will piss a galon pott full at twise,
And the ouerplus undir the table of the newe gyse,
Like a rutter hoyda.

VI.

King Henry VIII's Expedition to France.

The Song here printed relates to the war with France, when Henry, joining the confederacy, interfered with the quarrel between Louis the Twelfth of France and Pope Julius the Second. The red rose was King Henry's badge of cognizance; the Emperor Maximilian wore it at the siege of Terouenne, as his volunteer.

From the volume in the Editor's library, mentioned on p. 29. Another copy, but without the music, is in Cotton. MS., Domit. A, xviii.[3]

The Rosse wolle in to Fraunce spryng,
Almyghty God hym thyder bryng,
And save this flour whyche ys our kyng:
This Rosse, this Rosse, this ryall Rosse,
Whych ys callyd a nobyll thyng,
The flowr of Englond, and souldier kyng.
Thys Apryll showrys, wyche ar ful swet,
Hath bownd thys Rosse, not yet ful blowne;
In Fraunce he will hys levys schote,
Hys ryzth to conquer, hys enemys to knowne.

[3] See Sir Henry Ellis's Original Letters, first series, vol. i, p. 79.

Thys Rosse, that ys of color rede,
Wyll seke hys enmys bothe far and wyde,
And wyth his enemys he woll Fraunce light.
Sent Gorge protector be hys good gyd.
God send this flowyr wer he wolde be,
To sprede hys flowrs to hys rejoysing,
In France to have the vyctory;
All Englond for hym schal pray and syng.
Jhesu and Mary, full of myght,
God be hys gyde in all hys ryzth;
Swet Sent Gorge our Ladye's knyte
Save Kyng Hary both be day and nyght.

VII.

Satirical Song on Friar Gastkyn.

From one of Henry the Eighth's own MSS. (*Append. to royal MSS.* No. 58) preserved in the British Museum. Another curious Satirical Song, in alternate rhymes of English and Latin, against friars in general, is preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge (MS. O. Q. 40.)

The present Song is subscribed at the end "Quod Raff Drake."

Frer Gastkyn wo thou be,
qui manes hic in patria,
For all that her supportyth the,
thou makyst the way *ad Tartara*;
Tartary ys a place trewly,
pro te et consimilibus,
For hym that lyvyth in apostacy,
absentyd *a claustralibus*;

A fysche to lyve all ways in lond,
quod vere mirabilius,
A frer sertayn that so doth stond
amend, *et mane tuis fratribus*;
Lest the devyll for the do send,
to present the *Demonibus.*

Et fac cum consilio.

For he that made these reimes,
would all such were *in pelago,*
In a bote full of holys,
ut ibi cum doloribus,
Ther myzth he ster and blowe the colys,
tyll he were *sub fluminibus.*
Show thys, I care not to whome,
Priori vel Episcopo,
For all such frers schold byde at home,
non vagans hic in seculo.

VIII.

The Kynges Ballade.

THE following Song is preserved, with the music in three parts, in a MS. once the property of Joseph Ritson the antiquary, and now in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 5665.) It is without doubt the production, both words and music, of the royal tyrant, Henry VIII, of whose skill in "making ballades" we have given some proofs in the Introduction to the present volume.

Wedderburn, or whoever was the author of that curious work *The Complaynt of Scotland*, 1548, mentions "Pastance with gude companye," as among the popular songs of Scotland, in the early part of the sixteenth century.

PASSETYME with good companye
I love, and shall untyll I dye;
Grugge who wyll, but none deny,
So God be plecyd, this lyfe wyll I:
For my pastaunce,
Hunt, syng, and daunce,
My hert ys sett;
All godely sport,
To my cumfort,
Who shall me lett?

Youth wyll have nedes dalyaunce,
Of good or yll some pastaunce,
Companye me thynketh them best,
All thouts and fantasyes to dygest.
For ydleness,
Ys chef mastres,
Of vices all:
Than who can say,
But passe the day
Ys best of all.

Company with honestè,
Ys vertu and vyce to flee;
Company ys gode or yll,
But ev'ry man hath hys frewylle;
The best I sew,
The worst eschew,
My mynd shall be:
Vertue to use,
Vyce to refuse,
I shall use me.

IX.

Song from the Interlude of the iiii Elements.

An imitation of "The Kynges Balade," from a singular Interlude, entitled *The Nature of the Four Elements*, written about 1517, and printed by John Rastall, probably in 1519. The Song is accompanied by the music in *score*, and affords the earliest instance of a printed *partition* in this kingdom. It has entirely escaped the notice of our musical historians.

Tyme to pas with goodly sport,
Our spryts to revyve and comfort;
To pype, to synge,
To daunce, to spryng,
With pleasure and delyte,
Following sensual appetyte.

X.

Jhoone is sike and ill at ease.

From an ancient volume once the property of Henry VIII. It is a collection of part songs used by the royal tyrant and his companions. It afterwards came into the hands of old John Heywood, the dramatist and epigrammatist, whose autograph it bears. A copy of the same may also be found in the Fayrfax MSS. (Add. MSS. Brit. Mus., No. 5465.)

Jhoone is sike and ill at ease,
I am full sory for Jhoon's disease;
Alak, good Jhoone, what may you please?
I shal bere the cost be swete sent Denys!

She is so prety in every degre,
Good lord who may a goodlyer be,
In favoure and in facion lo will ye se,
But it were an angell of the Trinitie.
Alak, good Jhoone, what may you please?
I shal bere the cost be swete sent Denys!

Her countynaunce with her lynyacion,
To hym that wolde of such recreacion,
That God hath ordent in his first formacion,
Myght wel be calld a conjuracion.
Alak, good Jhoone, &c.

She is my lytell prety one,
What shulde I say? my mynde is gone,
Yff she and I were togethir alone,
I wis she will not gyve me a bone.
Alas, good Jhone, shal all my mone
Be lost so sone? [3]
I am a fole,
Leve this array,
Another day
We shall both play,
When we are sole. [4]

[3] i. e. treat me with contempt.
[4] i. e. by ourselves.

XI.

I had both Monie and a Frende.

THE following subtle caution, "never to lend money to a friend," is from the old music-book before mentioned, with the autograph of John Heywood. It has been printed by Sir John Hawkins (vide *History of Music*, vol. iii, p. 88), but from a different copy.

I HAD both monie and a frende,
Of neither though no store;
I lent my monie to my frende,
And tooke his bonde therfore.

I asked my monie of my frende,
But nawght save words I gott;
I lost my monie to keepe my frende,
For sewe hym would I not.

But then if monie come,
And frende againe weare founde,
I woulde lend no monie to my frende,
Upon no kynde of bonde.

But, after this, for monie cometh,
A frende with pawne to paye,
But when the monie should be had,
My frende used such delay.

That neede of monie did me force,
My frende his pawne to sell,
And so I got my monie, but
My frende then from me fell.

Sith bonde for monie lent my frende,
Nor pawne assurance is,
But that my monie or my frende,
Therbye I ever misse.

If God send monie and a frende,
As I have had before,
I will keepe my monie and save my frende,
And playe the foole no more.

XII.

A Cabeat against Idle Rumours.

From an old music-book, temp. Henry VIII, which the Editor purchased at the sale of J. Stafford Smith's library. The music was composed by Robert Pend, a gentleman of Henry the Eighth's royal chapel. He may also have been the author of the words.

Considering this world, and th' increase of vyce,
Stricken into dump, right much I mused,
That no manner of man, be he ever so wyse,
From all sorts thereof can be excused.

And one vyce there is, the more it is used,
Mo inconveniens shall grow day by day,
And that is this, let it be refused,
Geve no sure credens to every heresay.

Lyght women's thoughts wyll runne at large,
Whether the tayle be false or just;
Tydyngs of alehouse or Gravesend barge,
Bere-baytings, or barber's shopes, is not to trust.

An enemies tayle is sone distrust,
He shall perceve it parshall alway,
To all the foresayd refrayn we must,
To geve sure credens to every heresay.

Though heresay be trew, as perchaunce may fall,
Yet syr not thy credens is high,
And though the teller seem right substantial,
And tell but heresay, why may he not lye?

Then betwyxt light credens and a tonge hasty,
Surely the gyltles is cast away,
Condemnyng the absent that is unworthy,
So passed a lyfe from heresay to heresay.

Good Lord! how some wyll wyth a loud voice
Tell a tale after the best sorte,
And some herers how they wyll rejoyce,
To here of theyr neybours ill report!

As though it were a matter of comfort,
Herein our charitie doth dekay,
And some maketh it but game and sport,
To tell a lye after the heresay.

Tell a good tale of God or some saynt,
Or of some mirakles lately done;
Some wyll beleve it hard and stent,
And take it after full lyght facyon.

We here say Christ suffrid passion,
And man shall revert to earth and clay,
The rychest or strongest know not how soone,
Beleve well now this, for true is that heresay.

XIII.

The Complaynte of a Lover.

From an ancient MS. temp. Henry VIII, in the library of the editor. The music by which it is accompanied is the production of a composer named Thomas Fardyng, who appears to have been a gentleman of the Royal Chapel in the year 1511. The MS. formerly belonged to Sir John Hawkins, who has printed the following Song in the third volume of his *History of Music.*

As I lay slepynge,
In dremes fletynge,
Ever my swetyng
  Is in my mynd;
She is so goodly,
With locks so lovely,
  Such one can fynd.

Her bewty so pure,
It doth under lure
My pore hart full sure,
  In governaunce;
Therfor now wyll I
Unto hyr apply,
And ever will cry
  For remembraunce.

Her fayer eye persyng,
My pore hart bledyng,
And I abydyng
In hope of neede;
But thus have I long
Entwyned this songe,
With paynes full stronge,
And cannot spede.

Alas, wyll not she
Now shew hyr pytye,
But thus wyll take me
In suche dysdayne;
Methynketh I wys,
Unkynde that she is,
That byndeth me thus
In such hard payne.

Though she me bynde,
Yet shall she not fynde
My pore hart unkynd,
Do what she can;
For I wyll hyr pray,
Whiles I leve a day,
Me to take for aye,
For hyr owne man.

XIV.

Kytt hathe lost hur Key.

THE following Ballad possesses a tinge of humour rarely found in the productions of the early part of the sixteenth century. It is preserved among the King's MSS. in the British Museum. (*Append. to Royal MSS.* No. 58.)

In 1561-2 John Tysdale had a license for printing a Ballad, entitled "Kytt hath loste hyr Keye," which may possibly be the one now given.

KYTT hathe lost hur keye, hur key,
Goode Kytt hath lost hur key,
She is so sorry for the cause,
She wotts not what to say;
She wotts not what to say, goode Kytt,
She wotts not what to say,
Goode Kitt's so sorry for the cause,
She wotts not what to say.

Goode Kytt she wept, I ask'd why so
That she made all this mone?
She sayde, alas! I am so woo,
My key is lost and gone.
Kytt hathe lost, &c.

Kytt, why did ye losse your key,
Fore sothe ye were to blame,
Now ev'y man to you will say,
Kytt Losse Key is your name.
Kytt hathe lost, &c.

Goode Kytt she wept and cry'd, alas!
Hur key she cowde not fynde;
In faythe I trow in bowrs she was,
With sum that were not kinde.
Kytt hathe lost, &c.

Now, farewell, Kytt, I can no more,
I wott not what to say,
But I shall pray to Gode therfore
That you may fynde your key.
Kytt hathe lost, &c.

XV.

Kitt hath lost her Key.

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

WE have here an answer or continuation of the preceding Ballad. It is taken from Mr. Collier's *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, vol. i, p. 55. The learned Editor gives it from a MS.

KIT hath lost her key,
  But I have one will fytt
Her locke, if she will try,
And doe not me denie:
  I hope she hath more wytte.

My key is bright, not rusty,
  It is soe oft applied
To lockes that are not dusty,
Of maydens that are lusty,
  And not full fillde with pride.

Then, Kitt, be not too prowde,
But try my readie key,
That still hath bene allowde
By ladyes faire a crowde,
The best that ere they see.

You can but try, and than,
If it fitts not, good bye:
Go to some other man,
And see if anie can
Doe better, Kitt, then I.

But neere come backe to mee,
When you are gone away,
For I shall keepe my key
For others, not for thee:
Soe, either goe or stay.

XVI.

By a Banke as I lay.

This is one of those Ballads stated by Laneham to have been in the possession of Captain Cox. (See his *Letter from Kenilworth*, 1575.) It is, however, without any other merit than antiquity, judging from the following version, taken from a MS. temp. Henry VIII, preserved in the British Museum. (Append. to Casley's Cat. of Royal MSS., No. 58.) This Ballad is also noticed, in conjunction with many others, in Wager's curious Interlude, *The longer thou livest, the more Foole thou art*, printed, without date, in 1569 or 1570. (See Collier's *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, vol. ii, p. 192.)

By a bancke as I lay
  musinge my selfe alone—Hey how!
A byrd's voyce
  dyd me rejoyce,
Syngyng before the day,
And methought in her lay
  she sayd wynter was past—Hey how!

Dan dyry, cum dan, dan, &c.

The master of musyke,
the lusty nyghtyngale—Hey how!
Full meryly
and secretly
She syngyth in the thycke,
And under her brest a prycke,
to kepe her fro slepe—Hey how!

Dan dyry, cum dan, dan, &c.

Awake, therefore, young men,
all ye that lovers be—Hey how!
This monyth of May,
soo fresh, soo gay,
So fayre be seld on few
Hath floryshe ylke adew;
grete joy yt ys to see—Hey how!

Dan dyry, cum dan, dan, &c.

XVII.

By a Bancke as I lay.

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

THE following version of the preceding Ballad is taken from a rare musical miscellany, entitled *Deuteromelia, or the Second Part of Musick's Melodie, or Melodius Musicke of Pleasant Roundelaies*, &c., 1609.

The couplet given in Wager's Interlude is as follows:

> "By a banke as I lay, I lay,
> Musinge on things past, hey how!"

which, it will be observed, agrees better with the more modern than the ancient copy.

At the end of the only copy known to exist of a Collection of Secular Songs, printed in 1530, a Song is inserted in MS. beginning with the same words, but containing a laboured panegyric upon Henry the Eighth. The Editor has not seen this copy, or it would have been included in the present little volume.

BY a bancke as I lay,
musing on a thing that was past and gone;
Hey ho! In the merry month of May,
O some what before the day,
Me thought I heard it the last.

O the gentle Nightingale!
the lady and mistres of all musicke;
She sits downe ever in the dale,
singing with her notes small,
Quavering them wonderfull thicke.

O for joy my spirits were quicke
to heare the sweet bird how merrily she could sing,
And said, good Lord defend
England, with thy most holy hand,
And save noble James our king!

XVIII.

The lytyll prety Nyghtyngale.

THIS pretty little Song, from a favoured lover, in praise of his mistress, is preserved in a volume of Songs and Music in the British Museum (*Append. to Royal MSS.*, No. 58). It is one of those mentioned by Moros in the Interlude of *The longer thou livest the more Foole thou art:*

> "I can sing a song of robin redbreast,
> And my litle pretie nightingale."

And farther on, in the same play, he sings the first couplet.

THE lytyll prety nyghtyngale,
Among the levys grene,
I wolde I were wyth hyr all nyght,
But yet ye wote not whome I mene.

The nyghtyngale sat on a brere,
Among the thornys sharpe and keyn,
And comfort me wyth mery cher',
But yet ye wot not whome I mene.

She dyd aper' all on hur' keynd,
A lady ryght well be seyne,
With wordys of love tolde me hur mynde,
But yet ye wot not whome I mene.

Hyt dyd me goode upon hur to loke,
Hur corse was closyd all in grene,
Away frome hur hert she toke,
But ye wot not whome I mene.

Lady, I cryed wyth rufull mone,
Have mynd of me that true hath bene,
For I love none but you alone,
But yet ye wot not whome I mene.

XIX.

I have been a Foster[5] long.

MOROS, the Vice, Fool, or Jester, of the ancient interlude, *The longer thou livest the more Foole thou art*, printed in 1569 or 1570, enumerates among his scraps of Songs,

"There dwelleth a jolly foster here by west."

The following, taken from a MS., temp. Henry VIII., (Add. MS. 5665, *fol.* 50, b. *Brit. Mus.*) may perhaps be a fragment of the ballad quoted.

Y have been a foster long and meney day,
My locks ben hore;
I shall hange up my horne by the grene wode spray,
Foster will y be no more.

Alle the whiles that y may my bowe bende,
Shall y wedde no wyffe;
I shall bygge me a boure atte the wodes ende,
There to lede my lyffe.

[5] *i. e.* Forester.

XX.

I cannot come every Day to woo.

THE following little piece, of the time of Henry the Eighth, is preserved on a loose sheet (perhaps torn from a book) in the possession of the Editor. It is printed in the late Mr. J. Stafford Smith's valuable work *Musica Antiqua*, 1812, but very imperfectly.

We are inclined to hazard a conjecture that this "Wooing Song" is the parent stem of two or three Scottish Ballads. One preserved in David Herd's Collection begins as follows:

"I hae layen three herring a' sa't;
Bonnie lass, gin ze'll tak me, tell me now;
And I hae brew'n three pickles o' ma't,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo."

Another, perhaps a fragment of the same, is given by Lord Hailes, in the notes to his Selections from the Bannatyne MS.

"I ha a wie lairdschip down in the Merse,
Lass an ye loe me, tell me now,
The nynetenth pairt of a gusse's gerse,
And I wo' na cum every day to woo."

Gawin Douglas in the 12th prologue of his translation of Virgil (1513) has the following passage :—

" — our awin native bird, gentil dow,
Singand on her kynd, *I come hither to wow*,"

which may possibly allude to the following.

JOAN, quoth John, when wyll this be?
Tell me when wilt thou marrie me,
My corne and eke my calfe and rents,
My lands and all my tenements?
Saie Joan, quoth John, what wilt thou doe?
I cannot come every daie to woo.

XXI.

A Wooing Song of a Yeoman of Kent's Son.

THE following, upon the same subject as the preceding, is taken from the rare musical collection entitled, *Melismata, Musicall Phansies, fitting the Court, Citie, and Country Humours.* Lond., printed by William Stansby, 1611, 4to.

I have house and land in Kent,
And if you'l love me, love me now ;
Two-pence halfe-peny is my rent,—
I cannot come every day to woo.

Chorus.—Two-pence halfe-peny is his rent,
And he cannot come every day to woo.

Ich am my vather's eldest zonne,
My mother eke doth love me well ;
For ich can bravely clout my shoone,
And ich full well can ring a bell.

Ch.—For he can bravely clout his shoone,
And he full well can ring a bell.

My vather he gave me a hogge,
My mouther she gave me a zow;
I have a God-vather dwels there by,
And he on me bestowed a plow.

Ch.—He has a god-vather dwels there by,
And he on him bestowed a plow.

One time I gave thee a paper of pins,
Anoder time a taudry lace;
And if thou wilt not grant me love,
In truth ich die bevore thy vace.

Ch.—And if thou wilt not grant his love,
In truth hee'le die bevore thy vace.

Ich have beene twise our Whitson lord,
Ich have had ladies many vare;
And eke thou hast my heart in hold,
And in my minde zeemes passing rare.

Ch.—And eke thou hast his hart in hold,
And in his mind seemes passing rare.

Ich will put on my best white sloppe,
And ich will weare my yellow hose,
And on my head a good gray hat,
And in 'tich sticke a lovely rose.

Ch.—And on his head a good gray hat,
And in 't heele sticke a lovely rose.

Wherefore cease off, make no delay,
And if you'le love me, love me now;
Or els ich zeeke zome other oder where—
For I cannot come every day to woo.

Ch.—Or els hee'le zeek zome oder where,
For he cannot come every day to woo.

XXII.

O Death, rocke me asleepe.

From a MS. temp. Henry VIII, in the possession of the Editor. It has been imperfectly printed, from a different MS., by Sir John Hawkins and Ritson: the former ascribed it to Anne Boleyn, and the latter to her brother, Lord Rochford. There is no good evidence on either side. (See *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1838, p. 466.)

Richard Edwards was the author of a ditty entitled "The Soul's Knell," which, we believe, is not known to exist. The title would lead us to expect something like the following.

O Death, rocke me asleepe,
Bringe me to quiet reste,
Let pass my weary guiltles ghost
Out of my carefull brest:
Toll on the passinge bell,
Ring out my dolefull knell,
Let thy sounde my death tell:
Death doth drawe ny,
There is no remedie.

My paynes, who can expres?
Alas! they are so stronge:
My dolor will not suffer strength
My lyfe for to prolonge;

Toll on the passinge bell,
Ring out my dolefull knell,
Let thy sounde my dethe tell:
Death doth drawe ny,
There is no remedie.

Alone in prison stronge,
I wayte my destenye;
Wo worth this cruel hap that I
Should taste this miserie.
Toll on the passinge bell,
Ring out my dolefull knell,
Let thy sounde my dethe tell:
Death doth draw ny,
There is no remedie.

Farewell my pleasures past,
Welcum my present payne,
I fele my torments so increse,
That lyfe cannot remayne.
Cease now the passinge bell,
Rong is my dolefull knell,
For the sound my dethe doth tell:
Death doth drawe ny,
There is no remedie.

XXIII.

The Hunt is up.

PUTTENHAM, in his *Arte of English Poetry*, 1589, speaking of one Gray, says, "what good estimation did he grow into with King Henry [the Eighth] and afterwards with the Duke of Somerset, protectour, for making certaine merry Ballads, whereof one chiefly was *The Hunte is up, the Hunte is up.*" The following Song which is undoubtedly the one referred to, was written by William Gray, whose name is written, in an old hand, (upon the margin of the leaf containing it) in a copy of Ravenscroft's rare tract, entitled, *A Briefe Discourse of the true but neglected use of charactering the degrees* [in Music] *by their perfection, imperfection, &c.* 1614.

The same William Gray was the author of a poem, entitled, *The Fantasies of Idolatrie*, inserted at length in the first edition of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments;* and of several broadsides, preserved among Dyson's Collections, in the Library of the Antiquarian Society. In the Sloane MS. 1206, there is a poem and an epitaph, connected with the subject of the present notice.

A Song of "The Hunt is up" was known as early as 28 Henry VIII, when information was sent to the council against one John Hogon who, "with a crowd or a fyddyll" sung a song to the tune, which it appears had a political allusion.

(See Mr. Collier's valuable edition of *Shakespeare*, vol. i, *Add. Notes* cclxxxviii). Another Ballad of "The Hunt is up" was licensed to W. Griffith in 1570, which possibly may be the spirited old Song given in Mr. Collier's *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, vol. i, p. 129.

Reference is frequently made, in old authors, to the tunes of "The New Hunt's up," and "The Queene's Hunt's up." And in the Bodleian Library (MS. Rawl. Poet 120) is preserved a ballad beginning as follows:—

"The hunte is up, the hunte is up,
Begins to seeme an old state dyttie;
The hunte is downe, the hunte is downe,
Were far more new, and much more prettie.

But old and new joyn'd both together,
Would make a pretty catch or rounde;
The hunte is up, the hunte is downe,
Hey ho, the hunt's up and downe."

A religious parody of this popular ditty has been pointed out in the *Compendious Booke of Godly Songs:* but there is another, by John Thorne of York, in a curious volume of old Songs which was formerly in Mr. Heywood Bright's Collection (Add. MS. 15, 233), which has not been noticed. It begins:—

"The hunt ys up, the hunt is up,
Loe! it is allmost daye;
For Chryst our Kyng, is cum a huntyng,
And browght his deare to staye."

A "Hunt's up," it may be as well to mention, was a sort of general term for Hunting Songs, or rather an early song to rouse the party for the chase, something equivalent to the French *Réveillée*. It was afterwards generally used for any description of Morning Song. (See Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, in v. *Resveil*.)

CHO. { The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily wee, the hunt is up;

The birds they sing,
The deare they fling,
Hey, nony, nony—no:
The hounds they crye,
The hunters they flye,
Hey, trolilo, trololilo.[7]

The hunt is up, *ut supra*.

[7] *Hey troly loly lo*, is a chorus or burden of great antiquity. It is mentioned in *Piers Plowman* (A.D. 1362); and in the curious Poem in the Bannatyne MS., *Cokelbie Sow*, written about 1430. A Song, in which this burden occurs after every line, temp. Edward IV, is preserved in the Sloane MS., No. 1584. (See also Ritson's *Anc. Songs*, vol. ii, p. 8, ed. 1829.) This burden is also mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, 1548; in *A New and Mery Enterlude, called the Triall of Treasure*, 1567; in Laneham's *Letter from Killingworth*, 1575, &c. An Antiquary somewhere asks if the elegant modern burden, beginning

The wood resounds,
To heere the hounds,
Hey, nony, nony—no :
The rocks report,
This merry sport,
Hey, trolilo, trololilo.

Cho. { The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily wee, the hunt is up.

Then hye apace,
Unto the chase,
Hey, nony, nony—no ;
Whilst every thing,
Doth sweetly sing,
Hey, trolilo, trololilo.

Cho. { The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily wee, the hunt is up.

"Toll de rol, lol de rol," is not a genuine descendant of the "troly loly lo" of the fourteenth century? The old burdens of the songs of "merrie engolande" would form an interesting subject of research to the archæologist.

XXIV.

Come ober the Burne, Bessy, to me.

THIS singular example of the "moralization," as it was termed, of an old ballad, is from a mutilated MS. of Henry the Eighth's time, in the Editor's possession, compared with and perfected by another copy in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge (O. 2, 53).[8] The first verse only, together with the music, is contained in the curious collection of part-songs (formerly the property of Ritson), preserved in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 5465).

In Wager's Comedie, *The longer thou livest the more Foole thou art* (1569 or 1570), Moros, one of the characters, enters, "counterfaiting a vain gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songes, as fooles were wont," and amongst them we have—

> "Come over the boorne, Besse,
> My little pretie, Besse,
> Come over the boorne, Besse, to me."

It also has the honour of being quoted in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act iii, sc. 6.[9]

[8] See the Introduction to Mr. Wright's beautiful reprint of *The Nutbrown Maid*, published by Pickering.

[9] Mr. Charles Knight, in his note upon this Ballad (*Library Shakspere*, vol. ix, p. 104), says, "In a volume of MS. music in the

In the library of the Society of Antiquaries is preserved a very curious dialogue, written by one William Birch, upon Queen Elizabeth's coming to the crown: it has no date, but must have been printed soon after that queen ascended the throne in 1558. It is entitled *A Songe betwene the Quene's Majestie and Englande*, and commences as follows:

"Come over the born, Bessy,
Come over the born, Bessy,
Swete Bessy come over to me;
And I shall thee take,
And my dere lady make,
Before all other that ever I see.

"Methinke I hear a voyce,
At whom I do rejoyce,
And answer thee how I shall:
Tell me, I say,
What art thou that bids me com away,
And so earnestly doost me call?

British Museum is a three-part song (a *canon*), supposed to have been written in the time of Henry VIII, beginning as the above, and which seems to be a version—or, possibly, the source—of it. The music is in the old notation, each part separate, and *not* 'in score,' as erroneously stated in the index to the volume." Mr. Knight corrects one error, but makes another. We beg to inform him, that the composition is *not* "a canon," as he *learnedly* expresses it, but a point of imitation. This would hardly have been worth notice had Mr. Knight left the *score* alone.

"I am thy lover faire,
Hath chose thee to mine heir,
And my name is mery Englande;
Therefore come away,
And make no more delaye,
Swete Bessie! give me thy hande."

"Here is my hand,
My dere lover, Englande;
I am thine both with mind and hart,
For ever to endure,
Thou maiest be sure,
Untill death us two do part."

There are eighteen more stanzas in the original, which has this colophon, "Imprinted at London, by William Pickeringe, dwelling under Saynt Magnus Church."

There is a traditional song still current in Scotland, beginning—"Blink o'er the burn sweet Betty."

Come over the burne, Besse,
Thou lytylle prety Besse,
Come over the burne, Besse, to me:
The burne ys this world blynde,
And Besse ys mankynd,
So propyr I can none fynde as she;
She daunces, she lepys,
And Crist stondis and clepys,
Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

The Jues are accusyd,
And Peter refusyd,
My frynds me abusyd for the;
Yet shortly amend the,
And I shall defend the;
Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

With thornes was I crowned,
Sore bobbyd, sore woundyd,
My moder then sownyd, and she
Sawe for thy enchesoun
I suffyrd grete tresoun;
Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

The cros, that [was] weyghty,
For thy love that freghty
Theese laydest, man, full sleightly on me;
Yet turne the, and I shall
Thy synne forgeve all;
Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

My moder sore sobbyd
When she sawe [me] bobbyd;
Alas, they me robbyd, that she
Unnethes on fote stode,
To se all my rede blode;
Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

Why delyst thowe so unkyndly ?
To se me so fryndly
  Remember, and kyndly me se,
Howe dayly I mone the,
From syn to turne the ;
  Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

With othys my flessh torne ys,
Ye bobbe me with scornys,
  I speke (?) that forlone is, parde ;
Yet herkyn my sawes,
To lerne well my lawes ;
  Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

On crosse myne arme spred is,
My body for-bled ys,
  With gall my mouth fed is, come se ;
Renewed are my paynes,
And voyde are my veynes ;
  Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

Thowe sekyst not what goode ys,
Thowe doost that forboden ys,
  Thowe knowest what my reidde ys for the ;

I suffer for thy smart,
And yet thowe unkynd art;
Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

My moder not fayled,
But bytterly wayled,
My hands and feete nayled to tree,
My here with blode cloddy,
To-torne ys my body;
Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

The people, that were wode,
Myn hert parsyd on rode,
Out ranne water and blode for the;
And my body blode and wanne,
Was made for thy sake mane;
Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

Nowe, Besse, redresse the,
And shortly confesse the
Of synnes that opres the, let see;
The water hit fallyth,
And Crist stondyth and callyth,
Come over the burne, Besse, to me.

XXV.

Ancient Lullaby Song.

PRESERVED in a small oblong quarto volume of songs with music, printed, according to appearance, by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1530. It was from this curious volume, the first collection of secular music printed in England, that Sir John Hawkins derived several of the early songs inserted, (but without stating the authority), in the third volume of his *History of Music*. (See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, edit. 1839, pp. 262, 385; and also Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, edit. 1829; *Dissertation*, p. lxxiii.)

BY by, lullaby,
Rockyd I my chyld:
In a dream late as I lay,
Me thought I heard a maydon say
And spak thes wordys mylde:
My lytil sone with the I play,
And ever she song by lullaby,
Thus rockyd she hyr chyld.
By by lullaby,
Rockid I my child, by by.

Then merveld I ryght sore of thys,
A mayde to have a chyld I wys.
By by lullaby,[10]
Thus rockyd she her chyld :
By by lullaby, rocked I my chyld.

[10] The Roman nurses used the word *lulla* to quiet their children, and they feigned a deity called *Lullus*, whom they invoked on that occasion. The lullaby, or tune itself, was called by the same name. See more in Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, edit. 1839, p. 384-5.

XXVI.

A Christmas Caroll.

From *Melismata, Musicall Phansies fitting the Court, Citie, and Countrey Humours. Printed by William Stansby*, 4to, 1614; but much older than the date of the book, as a parody, of which the following is the first stanza, appeared in 1590 in *Ane Compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs.*

"Remember, man, remember, man,
That I thy saull from Sathan wan,
And hes done for thee what I can;
Thow art full deir to mee.
Is, was, nor sall bee none,
That may thee save, but I allone:
Onely, therefore, believe mee on,
And thow sall never die."

The original Carol may also be found, with some variations, in *Cantus, Songs, and Fancies*, printed by John Forbes at Aberdeen, in 1662; and in the Rev. Arthur Bedford's *Execllency of Divine Musick*, 1733.

It was Carols of this description that the old Elizabethan writers denominated "Suffering Ballads."

Remember, O thou man!
O thou man, O thou man!
Remember, O thou man!
Thy time is spent:
Remember, O thou man!
How thou art dead and gone,
And I did what I can,
Therefore repent.

Remember Adam's fall!
O thou man, O thou man!
Remember Adam's fall!
From heaven to hell:
Remember Adam's fall!
How we were condemned all
In hell perpetuall
Therefore to dwell.

Remember God's goodnesse!
O thou man, O thou man!
Remember God's goodnesse!
And his promise made:
Remember God's goodnesse!
How he sent his sonne, doubtlesse
Our sinnes for to redresse:
Be not affraid.

The angels all did sing,
O thou man, O thou man!
The angels all did sing
Upon the shepheards hill:
The angels all did singe,
Praises to our heavenly king,
And peace to man living,
With a good will.

The shepheards amazed were,
O thou man, O thou man!
The shepheards amazed were
To heare the angels sing:
The shepheards amazed were
How it should come to passe
That Christ our Messias
Should be our king.

To Bethlem did they goe,
O thou man, O thou man!
To Bethlem did they goe,
The shepheards three:
To Bethlem did they goe,
To see where it were so,
Whether Christ were borne or no
To set man free.

As the angels before did say,
O thou man, O thou man!
As the angels before did say,
So it came to passe:
As the angels before did say,
They found a babe where as it lay,
In a manger wrapt in hay,
So poore he was.

In Bethlem he was borne,
O thou man, O thou man!
In Bethlem he was borne,
For mankind sake:
In Bethlem he was borne,
For us that were forlorne,
And therefore tooke no scorne
Our flesh to take.

Give thanks to God alway,
O thou man, O thou man!
Give thanks to God alway,
With heart most joyfully:
Give thanks to God alway,
For this our happy day,
Let all men sing and say
Holy, holy.[11]

[11] In the version of this Carol given in Mr. Sandys' *Christmas Carols*, a stanza occurs, before the last, which is not found in the copy from which we print. It is as follows:

In a manger laid he was,
O thou man, O thou man!
In a manger laid he was,
At this time present:
In a manger laid he was,
Between an ox and an ass,
And all for our trespass,
Therefore repent.

XXVII.

Who liveth so merry in all this Land?

In 1557-8, John Walley and the widow Toy had license to print a Ballad, entitled,

"Who lyve so mery, and make suche sporte,
As thay that be of the pooreste sorte?"

Again, in 1558-9, William Redle and Richard Lante had license to print

"Who so mery as thay of the lore estate."[12]

These entries evidently refer to the following Ballad, which is preserved, with the beautiful chant to which it was sung, in the curious musical collection, entitled, *Deuteromelia, or the Second Part of Musick's Melodie, or Melodius Musicke of Pleasant Roundelaies, &c.*, 1609.

Who liveth so merry in all this land,
As doth the poore Widdow that selleth the sand?
And ever shee singeth as I can guess,
Will you buy any sand, any sand, mistress?

[12] See Mr. Collier's valuable *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, 1848, pp. 7 & 19.

The Broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying of broomes from street to street;
Who would desire a pleasanter thing,
Then all the day long to doe nothing but sing?

The Chimney-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soote away;
Yet when he comes home, although he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

The Cobler he sits cobling till noone,
And cobbleth his shooes till they be done;
Yet doth he not feare, and so doth say;
For he knows his worke will soone decay.

The Marchant-man doth saile on the seas,
And lye on the ship-board with little ease,
Alwayes in doubt the rocke is neare;
How can he be merry and make good cheare?

The Husband-man all day goeth to plow,
And when he comes home he serveth his sow;
He moyleth and toyleth all the long yeare;
How can he be merry and make good cheare?

The Serving-man waiteth fro' street to street,
With blowing his nailes and beating his feet;
And serveth for forty shillings a yeare,
That 'tis impossible to make good cheare.

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,
As those that be of the poorest sort?
The poorest sort, wheresoever they be,
They gather together by one, two, and three;

And every man will spend his penny,
What makes such a shot among a great many.

XXVIII.

We be Souldiers three.

Also from *Deuteromelia, or the Second Part of Musick's Melodie*, &c., 1609.

Perhaps written during the war in the Low Countries, where Sir Philip Sidney lost his life, A.D. 1568.

We be souldiers three;
Pardona moy je vous an pree:
Lately come forth of the Low country,
With never a penny of mony.

Here, good fellow, I drinke to thee;
Pardona moy je vous an pree:
To all good fellowes, where ever they be,
With never a penny of mony.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardona moy je vous an pree:
Payes for the shot, what ever it is,
With never a penny of mony.

Charge it againe, boy, charge it againe,
Pardona moy je vous an pree:
As long as there is any incke in thy pen,
With never a penny of mony.

XXIX.

The Marriage of the Frogge and the Mouse.

WARTON, in his *History of English Poetry*, mentions "A moste strange weddinge of the frogge and the mouse," a ballad licensed by the Company of Stationers in 1580. Many nursery rhymes on the same subject are still current. Pinkerton (*Select Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 33) says that "The froggie came to the mill door," was sung on the Edinburgh stage shortly prior to 1784. "The frog cam to the myl dur," is one of the songs mentioned in Wedderburn's *Complaynt of Scotland*, 1548; and Dr. Leyden gives a traditional fragment,

"The frog sat in the mill-door, spin, spin, spinning;
When by came the little mouse, rin, rin, rinning,"

which possibly may be the same.

The following ditty is from the collection, entitled, *Melismata*, 1611.

IT was the frogge in the well,
Humble-dum, humble-dum;
And the merrie mouse in the mill,
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

The frogge would a woing ride,
Sword and buckler by his side;

When he was upon his high horse set,
His boots they shone as black as jet;

When he came to the merry mill-pin,
Lady mouse beene you within?

Then came out the dusty mouse,
I am lady of this house;

Hast thou any minde of me?
I have e'ne great minde of thee.

Who shall this marriage make?
Our lord, which is the rat;

What shall we have to our supper?
Three beanes in a pound of butter.

When supper they were at,
The frog, the mouse, and even the rat;

Then came in Gib our cat,
And catcht the mouse even by the backe.

Then did they separate,
And the frog leapt on the floore so flat;

Then came in Dicke our drake,
And drew the frogge even to the lake;

The rat ran up the wall,
A goodly company, the divell goe with all.

XXX.

The Frog's Wedding.

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

THE copy here given of the preceding Ballad was taken down from recitation, and published by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe in his *Ballad Book*, 1824. The impression, consisting of only thirty copies, was dedicated to Sir Walter Scott.

There is still to be found in the Scottish nursery a strange legendary tale, sometimes called "The Padda Sang," and sometimes "The Tale o' the Well o' the Warld's End," in which the frog acts as the hero. See Robert Chambers' *Scottish Songs*, vol. i, p. 26, where a version, taken from the recitation of an old nurse in Annandale, is given.

There lived a puddy in a well,
And a merry mouse in a mill.

Puddy he'd a wooin ride,
Sword and pistol by his side.

Puddy cam to the mouse's wonne,
"Mistress mouse, are you within?"

"Yes, kind sir, I am within;
Saftly do I sit and spin."

"Madame, I am come to woo,
Marriage I must have of you."

"Marriage I will grant you nane,
Until uncle Rotten he comes hame."

"Uncle Rotten's now come hame;
Fye! gar busk the bride alang."

Lord Rotten sat at the head o' the table,
Because he was baith stout and able.

Wha is't that sits next the wa',
But Lady Mouse, baith jimp and sma'?

What is't that sits next the bride,
But the sola puddy wi' his yellow side?

Syne cam the deuk, but and the drake;
The deuk took puddy, and garred him squaik.

Then cam in the carl cat,
Wi' a fiddle on his back.
"Want ye ony music here?"

The puddy he swam doun the brook;
The drake he catched him in his fluke.

The cat he pu'd Lord Rotten doun;
The kittens they did claw his croun.

But Lady Mouse, baith jimp and sma',
Crept into a hole beneath the wa';
"Squeak!" quoth she, "I'm weel awa'."

XXXI.

There was a Froggie.

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

THE present version of this homely ditty was taken down from recitation, in Yorkshire. There is still another "Frogge Song," which may be seen in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, ed. 1843, p. 87; and a parody upon the same in Tom D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1719, vol. i, p. 14.

The more modern Ballad—

"A frog he would a wooing go,
Heigh ho! says Rowley,"

is too well known to need repetition here.

The ridiculous burden or chorus of what follows reminds us of another, equally unintelligible, which still lingers about our nurseries:

"There was a froggie in a well,
Fa, la, linkum, leerie!
And a mousie in a mill,
Linkum-a-leerie, linkum-a-leerie,
linkum-a-leerie, cow dow!"

See also the numbers of the *Notes and Queries* for various communications on the present subject.

Sir Frog he would a wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
Farthing linkum laddium,
Fanny-ho, fanny-ho,
Farthing glen! [13]

When he came to mouse's hall,
There he did both strut and bawl.

He said "Miss Mouse, I'me come to know,
Whether you'll have me or no?"

"Uncle Rat, is he at home?"
"No, kind sir, but he'll not be long."

At length the rat came waddling home;
"Who's been here since I've been gone?"

"Here has been a gentleman,
Vows he'll marry me if he can."

[13] The meaning of this ridiculous burden cannot be guessed at; but we repeat the tale "as it was told to us."

The rat could no objection make,
But did Sir Frog the lady take.

"Go and get a sack of wheat,
And we'll all sit down and eat."

As they were all a merry making,
The cat and kitten came tumbling in.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
The kitten she knocked the little mouse down.

This put Sir Frog in a terrible fright,
He whipt up his hat, and wish'd them good night.

As he was waddling o'er the brook,
A lily-white duck she gobbled him up.

So there's an end of all the three,
The Rat, the Mouse, and Sir Frogge.

XXXII.

The Wedding of the Flye.

MANY confused and obscure rhymes concerning the marriages of cats, mice, frogs, rats, flies, &c., tenaciously retain their hold of the memories of the peasantry of England and Scotland. The editor has frequently heard fragments of the following ditty, which is here given from *Deuteromelia*, 1609, sung in various parts of both nations.

THE flye she sat in shamble row,
And shambled with her heeles, I trow:
And then came in Sir Cranion,
With legs so long, and many a one.

And said, Jove speede Dame Flye, Dame Flye,
Marry you be welcome, good Sir, quoth she:
The master humble bee hath sent me to thee,
To wit and if you will his true love be?

But she said Nay, that may not be,
For I must have the butterflye ;
For and a greater lord there may not be ;
But at the last consent did shee.

And there was bid to this wedding
All flyes in the field and wormes creeping ;
The snaile she came crawling all over the plaine ;
With all her joly trinkets at her traine.

Tenne bees there came all clad in gold,
And all the rest did them beholde ;
But the thonbud refused this sight to see,
And to the cow-plat away flyes shee.

But where now shall this wedding be ?
For and hey nonny no in an old ive tree ;
And where now shall we bake our bread ?
For and hey nony no in an old horse head.

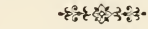
And where now shall wee brew our ale ?
But even within our walnut shale ;
And also where shall we our dinner make ?
But even upon a galde horse backe.

For there wee shall have good companie,
With humbling and bumbling and much melody:
When ended was this wedding-day,
The bee he tooke his flye away;

And laid her downe upon the marsh,
Betweene one marigolde and one long grasse:
And there they begot good master gnat,
And made him the heire of all—that's flat.

XXXIII.

Like Hermit poor.



This melancholy little effusion was highly popular in the reigns of Elizabeth and her three successors. The idea may be traced to Lodge's rare tract, entitled, *Scillæas Metamorphosis*, 1589, where it is probably a translation or paraphrase from the Italian. The earliest copies of the ditty, in its present state, occur in the *The Phœnix Nest*, 1593, and in Harl. MS. No. 6910, written soon after 1596. It was set to music by Alfonso Ferrabosco and published in his *Ayres*, 1609. Of the words only the first quatrain and penultima couplet are there given. It was afterwards printed as a song in *The Academy of Compliments*, 1650, under the title of "A Lover's Melancholy Repose;" and again, with music by Nicholas Laniere, in *Select Musicall Ayres and Dialogues*, 1652. From the latter work our version is taken. This song was a favourite with honest old Izaak Walton, (See *The Compleat Angler*, edited by Sir John Hawkins, ed. 1792 p. 110). In the *Tixall Poetry*, edited by Clifford from a MS. nearly contemporary with Walton, it forms by an arbitrary disposition of the words, a little irregular ode, entitled "Despair."

Roger North in his Life of the Lord-Keeper Guildford (*Lives of the Norths*, vol. ii, p. 12, ed. 1826) speaking of Sir Job. Charleton, then Chief Justice of Chester, says, he

wanted to speak with the king, and went to Whitehall; where, returning from his walk in St. James's Park, his majesty must pass; "and there he sat him down like *hermit poor*." Among the Poems of Phineas Fletcher, printed at Cambridge in 1633, we find a metaphrase of the forty-second psalm to the tune of "Like hermit poor." That rare old gossip Pepys in his *Diary* January 12th, 1667, tells us that "He (Sir T. Killigrew) hath ever endeavoured, in the late king's time, and in this, to introduce good musique; but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads and songs, 'Hermitt Poor,' and 'Chevy Chase' was all the musique we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still." Further we meet with an allusion to this song in "Hudibras," Part i, Canto ii, line 1169.

> "That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
> And let Crowdero down thereat;
> Crowdero making doleful face,
> *Like hermit poor in pensive place.*"

LIKE hermit poor in pensive place obscure,
I mean to spend my days of endless doubt;
To wait such woes as time cannot recure,
Where none but love shal ever find me out.

And at my gates despair shall linger still,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

A gown of gray my body shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon I'll stay;
Of late repentance linkt with long desire,
The couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I lay.
And at my gates, &c.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink nought else but tears faln from my eyes;
And for my light in this obscure shade,
The flame may serve which from my heart arise.
And at my gates, &c.

XXXIV.

With my Flockes as walked I.

From a MS. Collection of Songs and Music, temp. Elizabeth, in the editor's library. A former possessor of the MS. (Mr. J. Stafford Smith) thought the following ditty was written in praise of Queen Elizabeth.

With my flockes as walked I
the plaines and mountaines over,
Late a damsell past me by;
with an intente to move her,
I stept in her waie, she stept awrie,
but oh! I shall ever love her.

Such a face she had for to
invite any man to love her;
But her coy behaviour taught
that it was but vaine to move hir:
For divers soe, this dame had wrought,
that thaie themselves might woo hir.

Phebus for hir favour spent
his haire, hir faire browes to cover;
Venus' cheeke and lippes were sent,
that Cupid and Mars might move hir:
But Juno alone her nothinge lent
lest Jove himselfe should love hir.

Though shee be so pure and chast,
that nobody can disprove hir;
Soe demure and straightlie cast,
that nobody dare's to move hir:
Yet is shee so fresh and sweetlie faire
that I shall allwaies love hir.

Let her knowe though faire shee be,
that ther is a power above hir;
Thousand more enamoured shall be
though little it will move hir;
Shee still doth vow virginitie,
when all the world doth love hir.

XXXV.

The Rose of England.

In Fletcher's comedy of *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639 (Act iii, Sc. 3), a fiddler is questioned as to the ballads he is best versed in, and replies:

"Under your mastership's correction, I can sing 'The Duke of Norfolk,' or 'The Merry Ballad of Diverus and Lazarus,' '*The Rose of England*,' 'In Crete when Dedimus first began,' 'Jonas his crying-out against Coventry.'"

The third ballad above mentioned is undoubtedly that which follows, which is here given from a contemporary musical MS. in the editor's possession. It is not unlikely to be the composition of Thomas Deloney, who inserted it in his *Garland of Good-Will*. (See edition of 1612, in the Pepysian Library.) Deloney is also the reputed author of "Fair Rosamond," printed in Percy's *Reliques*, ii, 143, ed. 1794.

Amongst the princely paragons
Bedeckt with dainty diamonds,
Within mine eye, none doth come nigh,
The sweet Rose of England:

The Lilies pass in bravery,
In Flanders, Spain, and Italy,
But yet the famous Flower of France
Doth honour the Rose of England.

As I abroad was walking,
I heard the small birds talking,
And every one did frame her song
In praise of the Rose of England:
The Lilies pass in bravery, &c.

Cæsar may vaunt of victories,
And Crœsus of his happiness,
But he were blest that may bear in his breast
The sweet red Rose of England:
The Lilies pass in bravery, &c.

The bravest lute bring hither,
And let us sing together,
Whilst I do ring, on every string,
The praise of the Rose of England:
The Lilies pass in bravery, &c.

The sweetest perfumes and spices,
The wise men brought to Jesus,
Did never smell a quarter so well
As doth the Rose of England:
The Lilies pass in bravery, &c.

Then fair and princely flower,
That ever my heart doth power,
None may be compared to thee
Which art the fair Rose of England:
The Lilies pass in bravery, &c.

XXXVI.

Sir Eglamore.

THE following highly popular Ballad of the seventeenth century, is taken from *The Second Book of the Pleasant Musical Companion*, 2d edit. 1687. It is the production of a witty pamphleteer of the reign of James I, Samuel Rowlands, and may be found in his poetical Tract, entitled, *The Melancholie Knight*, 1615. Copies may also be seen in *Merry Drollery Compleat*, 1671, and among the Roxburghe Ballads. The latter copy, which is dated 1672, has for its title, "Courage Crowned with Conquest, or, a Brief Relation how that Valiant Knight and Heroick Champion, Sir Eglamore, bravely fought with, and manfully slew, a terrible, hugh, great, monstrous Dragon; to a pleasant new tune."

Gayton, in his amusing *Notes upon Don Quixote*, 1654, says, "But had you heard of Bevis of Southampton, the Counter-Scuffle, *Sir Eglamore*, John Dory, the Pindar of Wakefield, Robin Hood, or Clem of the Cleff, these no doubt had been recommended to the Vatican without any Index expurgatorius, or censure at all."

In *A Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament*, 1731 (vol. ii, p. 30), is a parody upon this Song, called "Sir Eglamor and the Dragon, or a Relation how General George Monk slew a most cruel Dragon, Feb. 11, 1659."

Sir Eglamore, that valiant knight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly,
He took up his sword, and he went to fight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly;
And as he rode o're hill and dale,
All armed with a coat of mail,
Fa la la la, lanky down dilly,[14]

There leap'd a dragon out of his den,
That had slain God knows how many men;
But when she saw Sir Eglamore,
Oh that you had but heard her roar!

Then the trees began to shake,
Horse did tremble, man did quake;
The birds betook them all to peeping,
Oh! 'twould have made one fall a weeping.

But all in vain it was to fear,
For now they fall to't, fight dog, fight bear;
And to't they go, and soundly fight
A live-long day, from morn till night.

[14] This burden occurs in the same way in every verse. In some of the broadside copies it is spelt "Fa la lanctre down dilie."

This dragon had on a plaguy hide,
That could the sharpest steel abide;
No sword could enter her with cuts,
Which vexed the knight unto the guts.

But as in choler he did burn,
He watch'd the dragon a great good turn;
For as a yawning she did fall,
He thrust his sword up, hilt and all.

Then like a coward she did fly,
Unto her den, which was hard by;
And there she lay all night and roar'd:
The knight was sorry for his sword.

But riding away, he cries, I forsake it;
He that will fetch it, let him take it.[15]

[15] The copy in the Roxburghe Collection, dated 1672, has the following additional stanzas:—

When all this was done, to the ale-house he went,
And by and by his twopence he spent;
For he was so hot with tugging with the dragon,
That nothing would quench him but a whole flagon.

Now God preserve our King and Queen,
And eke in London may be seen,
As many knights, and as many more,
And all so good as Sir Eglamore.

XXXVII.

Trole the Cannikin.

From *Pammelia, Musick's Miscellanie, &c.*, 1609. It is again printed in Hilton's *Catch that catch can*, 1652; in the index to which Byrd's name is given as the composer.

The snatch sung by Iago in Othello is somewhat in a similar vein:

> "Then let me the cannikin clink, clink,
> And let me the cannikin clink;
> A soldier's a man,
> A life's but a span,
> When then let a soldier drink."
>
> (Act III, sc. 3.)

Come drinke to me,
And I will drink to thee,
And then shall we
Full well agree.

I have loved the jolly tankerd,
Full seaven winters and more;
I have loved it so long,
Till that I went upon the score.

He that loves not the tankerd,
Is no honest man;
And he is no right souldier,
That loves not the canne.

Tappe the canikin,
Tosse the canikin,
Trole the canikin,
Turn the canikin.

Hold, good sonne, and fill us a fresh can,
That we may quaffe it round about from man to man.

XXXVIII.

The Cuckoo's Song.

FROM THE SAME.

As I mee walked in
A May morning,
I heard a bird sing
Cuckow!

Shee nodded up and downe,
And swore all by her crowne,
Shee had friends in the towne,
Cuckow!

All you that marryed be,
Learn this song of mee,
So we shall all agree,
Cuckow!

All young men in this throng,
To marry that thinke it long,
Come learne of mee this song,
Cuckow!

XXXIX.

The Hunter's Ballade.

From the Collection, entitled *Deuteromelia, or the Second Part of Musick's Melodie*, &c, 1609. The old names of the hounds will interest our sporting readers.

Willy prethe goe to bed,
or thou wilt have a drowsie head;
To-morrow we must a hunting,
and betimes be stirring.
With a hey troly lo, &c.

It is like to be fayre weather,
couple up all thy hounds together;
Couple *Jolly* with little *Lolly*,
couple *Trole* with old *Trolly*.
With a hey troly lo, &c.

Couple *Finch* with black *Trole*,
couple *Chaunter* with *Jumbole*;
Let *Beauty* goe at liberty,
for she doth know her duty.
With a hey troly lo, &c.

Let *Merry* goe loose, it makes no matter,
for *Cleanly* sometimes she will clatter;
And yet I am sure she will not stray,
but keepe with us still, all the day.
With a hey troly lo, &c.

With O masters, and wot you where,
this other day I start a hare?
On what call hill, upon the knole,
and there she started before *Trole*.
With a hey troly lo, &c.

And downe she went the common dale,
with all the hounds at her taile,
With *yeasse a yasse, yeasse a yasse,*
hey *Trol,* hey *Chaunter,* hey *Jumbole.*
With a hey troly lo, &c.

See how *Chooper* chopps it in,
and so doth *Gallant* now begin;
Look how *Trol* begins to tattle,
tarry a while, yee shall heare him prattle.
With a hey troly lo, &c.

For *Beauty* begins to wag her tayle,
of *Cleanlie's* helpe we shall not faile;
And *Chaunter* opens very well,
but *Merry* she doth beare the bell.
With a hey troly lo, &c.

Goe prick the path, and downe the lane,
she useth still her old traine;
She is gone to what call wood,
Where we are like to doe no good.
With hey troly lo, &c.

XL.

Martin said to his Man.

(FROM THE SAME.)

MARTIN said to his man,
Fie! man, fie!
O Martin said to his man,
Who's the foole now?
Martin said to his man,
Fill thou the cup, and I the can;
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the foole now?

I see a sheepe shearing corne,
Fie! man, fie?
I see a sheepe shearing corne,
Who's the foole now?
I see a sheepe shearing corne,
And a cuckold blow his horne;
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the foole now?

I see a man in the moone,
Fie! man, fie!
I see a man in the moone;
Who's the foole now?
I see a man in the moone,
Clowting of St. Peter's shoone;
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the foole now?

I see a hare chase a hound,
Fie! man, fie?
I see a hare chase a hound,
Who's the foole now?
I see a hare chase a hound,
Twenty mile above the ground:
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the foole now?

I see a goose ring a hog,
Fie! man, fie!
I see a goose ring a hog,
Who's the foole now?

I see a goose ring a hog,
And a snayle that did bite a dog;
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the foole now?

I see a mouse catch the cat,
Fie! man, fie!
I see a mouse catch the cat,
Who's the foole now?
I see a mouse catch the cat,
And the cheese to eate the rat:
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the foole now?

XLI.

The Ballad of the Fox.

FROM THE SAME.

In the University Library, Cambridge, MS. Ee. 1, 12, is preserved a curious Ballad of the fifteenth century, somewhat resembling the following. It begins,

> "The fals fox camme unto oure croft,
> And so oure gese ful fast he sought;
> With, how, fox, how, with hey, fox, hey;
> Comme no more unto oure howse to bere oure gese awaye."

See Wright and Halliwell's *Reliquæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 4, where the Ballad, consisting of eighteen stanzas, is printed.

To-morrow the fox will come to towne,
Keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe;
To-morrow the fox will come to towne,
O keepe you all well there.
I must desire you neighbors all,
To hallow the fox out of the hall,
And cry as loud as you can call,
Hoope, hoope, hoope, hoope, hoope,
O keepe you all well there.

Hee'l steale the cocke out from his flocke,
Keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe;
Hee'l steale the cocke out from his flocke,
O keepe you all well there.
I must desire you neighbors, &c.

Hee'l steal the hen out of the pen,
Keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe;
Hee'l steal the hen out of the pen,
O keepe you all well there.
I must desire you neighbors, &c.

Hee'l steal the duck out of the brook,
Keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe;
Hee'l steal the duck out of the brook,
O keepe we all well there.
I must desire you neighbors, &c.

Hee'l steal the lamb e'en from his dam,
Keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe;
Hee'l steal the lamb e'en from his dam,
O keepe we all well there.
I must desire you neighbors, &c.

XLII.

Sing Gentle Butler Balla Moy.

THIS curious old drinking song is from *Deuteromelia, or the Second Part of Musick's Melodie,*" &c., 1609. It is similar to the well known Barley-Mow Song, printed in Dixon's *Ancient Songs and Poems of the Peasantry of England.* The effect of both must entirely depend upon the mode of performance. An early copy of the present Song is preserved in Baliol College, Oxford. The MS. which contains it is of such an extraordinary nature, that the editor intends publishing it entire.

GIVE us once a drinke for and the black bole,
Sing, gentle butler, *balla moy;*
For and the black bole,
Sing, gentle butler, *balla moy.*

Give us once a drinke for and the pint pot,
Sing, gentle butler, *balla moy;*
The pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drinke for and the quart pot,
Sing, gentle butler, *balla moy;*
The quart pot, the pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drincke for and the pottle pot,
Sing, gentle butler, *balla moy;*
The pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drincke for and the gallon pot,
Sing, gentle butler, *balla moy;*
The gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot,
For and the blacke bole, &c.

Give us once a drincke for and the verkin,
Sing, gentle butler, *balla moy;*
The verkin, the gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot,
For and the blacke bole, &c.

Give us kilderkin, &c.; give us barrell, &c.; give us hogshead, &c.:
Give us pipe, &c.; give us butt, &c.; give us the tunne, &c.

XLIII.

A West-Country Ballad.

THE following singular production will be perfectly unintelligible, except to those versed in the dialect of the "west countrie." It is taken from Thomas Ravenscroft's *Brief Discourse of the true but neglected use of charactering the Degrees [in Music] by their perfection, imperfection, &c.*, 4to, 1614.

Vurst Bart.

HODGE TRILLINDLE TO HIS ZWEETHORT MALKYN.

COAME Malkyn, hurle thine oyz at Hodge Trillindle,
And zet azide thy distave and thy zpindle;
A little tyny vit let a ma brast my minde
To thee, which I have vownd as ghurst[16] as ghinde;
Yet loave ma, zweet, a little tyny vit,
And wee a little wedelocke wooll gommit,
Y' vaith wooll wee, that wee wooll y' vaith lo!

[16] Curst, i. e. mischievous, shrewd.

Zegund Bart vollowes.

MALKYN'S ANZWER TO HODGE TRILLINDLE.

Yo tell ma zo,—but, Roger, ich ha' vound
Your words but wynde: thon not for vorty bound,
Wooll I beeleave you vurther thon ich zee,
Your words and deeds loyke beeans and bacoan gree:
But if yol loave me long a little vit,
Thon wedlocke ich a little wooll gommit,
Y' vaith wool I, thot ich wool y' vaith lo!

Dthurd Bart vollowes.

THEIR GONCLUZION.

Ich con but zweare, ond thot I chill,
Unbonably to loave a tha ztill:
That wool I, lo!—Thon, Roger, zweare
Yo wool be virmer thon yo weare.
By thease ten boans[17]—Zo, Roger, zweare an oape,
By thea—hold, hold, Hodge! oie, too wyd yo gape:

[17] Bones, i. e. fingers.

By thea—hold, hold! thoul't bite, I zweare, my wozen.
Whoy thon beleave ma whon ich zweare; zo do thou.
Ich do, good Hodge; thou zweare no more;
Ich wooll be thoyne, and God beevore;—
Thon geat wee growdes and boagbipes, harbs and dabors,
To leead us on to eand ower loaves great labors.

THEIR WEDLOCKE.

A borgen's a borgen, che hard long agoe,
Be merry, ond a vig vor woe:
Zing gleare, zing zweet and zure,
Our zong zhall bee but zhort.
Muzicke, foice, ond daunzing,
O 'tis faliant zport.
Thon let this burden zweetly zung be ztill,
A borgen's a borgen, bee't good bee't ill:
A borgen's a borgen, vor veale or vor woe,
Zo ever led dis bleasing burden goe.

XLIV.

The Fayries' Daunce.

(FROM THE SAME.)

DARE you haunt our hallowed greene?
None but fayries here are seene.
Downe and sleepe,
Wake and weepe,
Pinch him black, and pinch him blew,
That seekes to steale a lover true.
When you come to heare us sing,
Or to tread our fayrie ring,
Pinch him black, and pinch him blew,
O thus our nayles shall handle you. [18]

[18] Douce adduces this Song as an illustration of the last scene of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." See *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, edit. 1839, p. 51.

XLV.

The Satyres' Daunce.

(FROM THE SAME.)

ROUND a, round a, keepe your ring;
To the glorious sunne we sing—
Hoe, hoe!

He that weares the flaming rayes,
And the imperiall crowne of bayes:
Him with shoutes and songs we praise—
Hoe, hoe!

That in his bountie he'd vouchsafe to grace
The humble Sylvannes and their shaggy race.

XLVI.

The Urchins' Daunce.

(FROM THE SAME.)

By the moone we sport and play,
With the night begins our day;
As we friske the dew doth fall,
Trip it little urchins [19] all:
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about goe wee, goe wee.

[19] *Urchin*, in its original signification, is a hedgehog, but came to be applied to a little elf or goblin of a mischievous kind, and thence to a child of a similar disposition.

XLVII.

Tosse the Pot.

(FROM THE SAME.)

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, tosse the pot, let us be merry,
And drinke till our cheeks be as red as a cherry:

We take no thought, we have no care,
For still we spend, and never spare,
Till of all money our pursse is bare,
We ever tosse the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

We drink, carouse, with hart most free;
A harty draught I drinke to thee:
Then fill the pot againe to me,
And ever tosse the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

And when our mony is all spent,
Then sell our goods, and spend our rent;
Or drinke it up with one consent,
And ever tosse the pot.
Chorus.—Tosse the pot.

When all is gone, we have no more,
Then let us set it on the score;
Or chalke it up behinde the dore,
And ever tosse the pot.
Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

And when our credit is all lost,
Then may we goe and kisse the post,
And eat browne bread in steed of rost,
And ever tosse the pot.
Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

Let us conclude as we began,
And tosse the pot from man to man,
And drinke as much now as we can,
And ever tosse the pot.
Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

XLVIII.

Methinkes one Tooth is Drye.

(FROM THE SAME.)

TRUDGE away quickly and fill the black bole,
Devoutly as long as wee bide;
Now welcome good fellowes, both strangers and all,
Let madnes and mirth set sadnes aside.

Of all reckonings, I love good cheere,
With honest folkes in company;
And when drinke comes my part for to beare,
For still methinkes one tooth is drye.

Love is a pastime for a king,
If one be seene in Phisnomie;
But I love well this pot to wring,
For still methinkes one tooth is drie.

Masters, this is all my desire,
I would no drinke should passe us by;
Let us now sing and mend the fier,
For still methinkes one tooth is drye.

Mr. Butler, give us a taste
Of your best drinke so gently;
A jugge or twain, and make no waste,
For still methinkes one tooth is drie.

Mr. Butler, of this take part;
Ye love good drinke as well as I;
And drinke to mee with all your hart,
For still methinkes one tooth is drie.

XLIX.

The Morris Dancers.

From Weelkes' "*Ayeres or Phantasticke Spirits for three voices.*" Printed by William Barley, 1608, 4to.

Strike it up, tabor
And pipe us a favour;
Thou shalt be well paid for thy labour:
I meane to spend my shoe sole,
To daunce about the May pole:
I will be blith and briske;
Leap and skip,
Hop and trip,
Turne about,
In the rout,
Until my weary joyntes can scarse friske.

Lusty Dicke Hopkin,
Lay on with thy napkin,
The stitching cost me but a dodkin:
The morris were halfe undone
Wert not for Martin of Compton.

O well said jiging Alice,
Pretty Gill,
Stand you still,
Dapper Jacke,
Meanes to smacke,
How now! fie, fie, fie, you dance false!

L.

The Manner of the World now a dayes.

(FROM THE SAME.)

Ha ha ha ha! this world doth passe
Most merily Ile bee sworne;
For many an honest Indian asse
Goes for a unicorne.
Fara diddle deyno;
This is idle fyno.

Tygh hygh, tygh hygh, O sweet delight!
He tickles this age that can
Call Tulliæs ape a Marmasyte,
And Ledæs goose a swan.
Fara diddle deyno;
This is idle fyno.

So so so so! fine English dayes,
For false play is no reproach;
For he that doth the coachman prayse,
May safely use the coach.
Fara diddle deyno;
This is idle fyno.

LI.

The Ape, the Monkey, and Baboone.

(FROM THE SAME).

THE ape, the monkey, and baboone did meete,
And breaking of their fast in Friday Street,
Two of them sware together solemnly
In their three natures was a simpathie;
Nay, quoth baboon, I do deny that straine;
I have more knavery in me than you twaine.

Why, quoth the ape, I have a horse at will,
In Paris Garden for to ride on still,
And there shew trickes. Tush! quoth the monkey, I
For better trickes in great men's houses lie.
Tush! quoth baboone, when men do know I come,
For sport, from city, country, they will runne.

LII.

Kemp's Journey into France.

(FROM THE SAME.)

For an account of William Kemp, who was a comic actor of high reputation, see the Rev. A Dyce's reprint of *Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder*, printed for the Camden Society, 1840; and Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in Shakespeare's Plays*.

Since Roben Hood, Maid Marian,
And Little John are gone a;
The hobby-horse was quite forgot,
When Kempe did daunce alone a.
He did labour after the tabor
For to dance; then into France
He tooke pains
To skip it.
In hopes of gaines
He will trip it,
On the toe
Diddle diddle doe.

LIII.

Love will find out the Way.

"THIS excellent Song," says Percy (*Reliques*, vol. iii, p. 294, ed. 1812), "is ancient; but we could only give it from a modern copy." The version now printed is taken from a rare musical volume, entitled *Cantus, Songs and Fancies*, printed by John Forbes, at Aberdeen, in 1662; again in 1666; and, lastly, in 1682. It is, perhaps, less elegant than the learned prelate's version, but it has two additional stanzas. We have also added a "Second Part" to the Ballad, which is taken from a broadside, "Printed at London, for F. Coules, dwelling in the Old Baily." (See the curious Appendix to *The Sad Shepherd*, edited by Waldron, 8vo, 1783.)

We need only remark, that Percy's version consists of five stanzas; that which stands sixth in our copy being second in his. The variations at the bottom of the page are from the *Reliques*.

OVER the mountains,
And under [1] the caves; [2]
Over [3] the fountains,
And under the waves; [4]
Under waters [5] that are deepest,
Which Neptune still obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out his [6] way.

[1] Over [2] Waves. [3] Under.
[4] Graves. [5] Floods. [6] The.

Some [7] may esteem him
A childe by his force; [8]
Or some they [9] may deem him
A coward, that's worse; [10]
But if she, whom he [11] doth honour,
Be consenting to play,[12]
Set twenty [13] guards about [14] her,
Love will find out his [15] way.

Many do [16] loose him,
By proving unkind; [17]
Or some may [18] suppose him,
Poor heart,[19] to be blind;
But if ne're so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind Love, if ye do [20] call him,
He will grope out his way.[21]

[7] You. [8] For his might. [9] Or you.
[10] From his flight. [11] Love. [12] Be conceal'd from the day.
[13] A thousand. [14] Upon. [15] The.
[16] Some think to. [17] By having him confined. [18] And some do.
[19] Thing. [20] If so ye.
[21] Will find out the way.

Well may [22] the eagle
Stoop down to the fist;[23]
Or nets may [24] inveagle
The phenix of the east;
With tears ye may move the tyger,[25]
To give over his [26] prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
Love [27] will find out his way.

If the earth doth part them,
He'll soon course it o'er;
If seas do thwart him,
He'll swim to the shore;
If his love become a swallow,
In the air for to stray,
Love will find wings to follow,
And swift flee out his way.

Where there is no place
For the glow worm to ly;
Where there is no space
For the seat [28] of a flea;[29]

[22] You may train. [23] To stoop to your fist.
[24] Or you may. [25] The lioness, ye may move her. [26] Her.
[27] He. [28] For receipt. [29] Fly.

Where the gnat [30] dare not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
But if Love come, he'll enter,[31]
And will [32] find out his way.

There is no striveing,
To cross his intent;
There is no contriving,
His plots to prevent;
For if once the message greet him,
That his true love doth stay;
Though demons come and meet him,
He will go on his way.[33]

[30] Midge. [31] If Love come, he will enter. [32] Soon.
[33] The fifth and the concluding stanzas occur, with some variations, in the second part.

Truth's Integrity:

OR,

A CURIOUS NORTHERNE DITTY, CALLED 'LOVE WILL FINDE OUT THE WAY.'

To a pleasant new Tune.

THE SECOND PART.

THE Gordian knot
Which true lovers knit,
Undoe you cannot,
Nor yet breake it.
Make use of your inventions
Their fancies to betray,
To frustrate your intentions
Love will finde out the way.

From court to cottage,
In bower and in hall,
From the king unto the beggar,
Love conquers all;
Though nere so stout and lordly.
Strive, doe what you may,
Yet be you nere so hardy,
Love will finde out the way.

Love hath power over princes,
And greatest emperour,
In any provinces,
Such is Love's power:
There is no resisting,
But him to obey,
In spight of all contesting,
Love will finde out the way.

If that hee were hidden,
And all men that are,
Were strictly forbidden
That place to declare;
Winds that have no abidings,
Pittying their delay,
Will come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it ore;
If the seas should orethwart him,
He would swim to the shore;
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the ayre to stray,
Love would lend wings to follow,
And will finde out the way.

There is no striving
To crosse his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent;
But if once the message greet him,
That his true love doth stay;
If death should come and meet him,
Love will finde out the way.

LIV.

A May-Day Ballad.

From a MS. volume of old Songs and Music, in the editor's library, dated 1630. It was formerly in the possession of the Rev. J. H. Todd.

Jone, to the May-pole away let us on,
Tyme is swift and will be gone;
See how the wenches hie to the greene,
Where they know they shall be seene;
Besse, Moll, Kate, Doll,
These wante no loves to attend them;
Hodge, Dick, Tom, Nick,
Brave dauncers, who can amend them?

Jone, shall we have now a hay or a rounde,
Or some daunce that is new-founde:
Lately I was at a masque in the courte,
Where I saw of every sorte
Many a dance, made in France,
Many a braule and many a measure;
Gay coates, sweet notes,
Brave wenches, O 'twas a treasure!

But now, methinkes these courtlye toyes
Us deprive of better joyes:
Gowne made of gray, and skin softe as silke,
Breath as sweete as morning milke:
O, these more please;
These hath my Jone to delight me:
False wiles, courte smiles,
None of these hath Jone to despight me.

LV.

The Rural Dance about the May-pole.

This lively and extremely characteristic old Ballad is given from a MS. collection of Songs, with the music, written about the middle of the seventeenth century, and formerly in the library of Staunton Harold, Leicestershire, the seat of Earl Ferrers. It differs materially from a copy printed in *Westminster Drollery, the Second Part*, 1672.

Mr. Dixon prints a corrupt modern copy in his *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, with this remark—"The last verse in our copy is modern, and, we believe, was written by a comic song writer, who, a few years ago, had the impudence to palm the whole song off, on those who knew no better, as his own composition." This statement is not correct, as the said *last verse* is found in our copy, certainly of the middle of the seventeenth century, and also in another printed in the *Tixall Poetry*, edited by Arthur Clifford (Edinb. 1813, p. 172) of about the same date.

Come lasses and lads,
Take leave of your dads,
And away to the May-pole hie;
For every hee,
Hath got him a shee,
And a minstrell standing by.

Will hath got a Gill,
And John hath got a Joan,
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it up and
downe.

Strike up, saies Watt,
Agreed, saies Matt,
And I preethee, fidler, play;
Soe, saies Hodge,
Agreed, saies Madge,
For 'tis hollyday.
Then every lad did doff
His hat unto his lasse,
And every girl did cursie, cursie, cursie,
upon the grasse.

Begin saies Hall,
Ay, ay, saies Mall,
Weele have old *Pagington's pound;*
Noe, noe, saies Noll,
And soe saies Doll,
Weele have brave *Selinger's round.*

Then every man began
To foot it round about,
And every lass did jet it, jet it, jet it in
and out.

You're out, saies Nicke,
You lie, saies Dicke,
The fidler plaies it false;
'Tis true, saies Hugh,
And soe saies Sue,
And soe saies nimble Joyce.
The fidler then began
To play the tune againe,
And every girl did trip it, trip it, trip it to
the men.

Let's kis, saies John,
Content, saies Nan,
And soe saies every she:
How many? saies Batt,
Why three, saies Matt,
For that's a mayden's fee.

But they instead of three
Did give them half a score,
The maides in kindnes, kindnes, kindnes,
gave them as many more.

After an hour
They went to a bower,
And plaid for ale and cakes;
With kisses too,
Until they were due,
And the lasses held the stakes.
At length the maids began
To quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses backe, and
give them their own againe.

Yet there they satt
Untill 'twas late,
And tired the fidler quite;
Singing and playing,
Without any paying,
From morning untill night.

They told the fidler then,
They'd pay him for his play,
And each paid toopence, toopence, toopence,
toopence, and went away.

Good night, sais Tom,
And soe saies John,
Good night, saies Dick to Will;
Good night, saies Sis,
Good night, saies Pris,
Good night, saies Peg to Nell.
Some run, some went, some staid,
Some dallied by the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve to
meet next hollyday.

LVI.

The North-Countryman's Song,

ON HIS VIEW OF LONDON SIGHTS.

From a curious folio MS. of Songs and Music, with the autograph of "John Gamble 1656."

"John Gamble was an apprentice to Ambrose Beyland, a noted master of musick, and became afterwards a musician belonging to the playhouse, one of the cornets in the King's chapell, one of the violins to K. C. 2., and a composer of Lessons for the King's Playhouse."—(Wood, *Fasti Oxon.*)

Another copy of the Ballad is contained in MS. Harl. 3910, fol. 36, b, of the seventeenth century. (See Wright and Halliwell's *Reliquæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii, p. 70.) It differs in many respects from the present version. The adventure of the hat in St. Paul's is omitted; but in its place our countryman walks down Ludgate Hill, and meeting the Lord Mayor in procession, exclaims:—

"I know not which of 'em to desire,
The mayor or the horse they were both so like;
Their trappings so rich you would admyre,
Their faces such, non could dislike.
But I must consider perforce
The saying of oulde, so true it was,
The gray mayor is the better horse,
And all's not gould that shynes lyke brass."

In Fleet Street he hears a shout, and the sound of pipe and tabor:—

"For so, God save me! a Morrys Daunce:
Oh ther was sport alone for mee,
To see the hobby-horse how he did praunce,
Among the gingling compayne."

In his way to the Tower he passes under London Bridge, and wondering "how it was built belowe," he exclaims:—

"But then my frend John Stow I remember,
In's booke of London, call'd the Survay,
Saith that on the fifthe daye of September,
With wooll sacks they did it underlay."

Other differences may be found upon a comparison of the two copies. The "north-country" dialect is peculiar to our version.

When Ize came first to London town,
Ize wor a noviz, as many men are,
Ize thought the king had liv'd at the Crown,
And the way to heaven had been through the Star.

Ize zet up my horse, and Ize went to Powles,
"Uds nigs," quoth I, "what a kirk bee th here!"
Then Ize did swear by all Kerson[20] souls,
It wor a mile long, or very near.

[20] i. e. Christian.

The top wor as high as any hill,
A hill, quoth I, nay as a mountain!
But Ize went up with very good will,
But gladder was I to come down again.

For as I went up my head ga round,
Then be it known to all Kerson people,
A man is no little way fro' the ground
When he's o' the top of Paul's steeple.

Ize lay down my hat and Ize went to pray,
But wor not this a pitifull case,
A vor Ize had done it wor stolen away,
Who'd a thought theeves had been in that place?

Now for my hat Ize made great moan,
A stander by then to me zaid,
"Thou dost not observe the Scripture aright,
For thou mun a watcht as well as pray'd."

From thence to Westminster Ize went,
Where many a brave lawyer Ize did zee;
But zome there had a bad intent,
I'm zure my purse was stoln from me.

Now to zee the tombs was my desire,
Ize went with many brave fellows store,
Ize gave them a penny, that was their hire,
And he's but a fool that will give any more.

Then through the roomes the fellow me led,
Where all the zights wor to be zeen,
And snuffling, told me through the nose,
What formerly the names of those had been.

"Here lyes," quoth he, "Henry the Third;"
"Thou ly's like a knave, he zays never a word."
"And here lyes Richard the Second interr'd,
And here stands good King Edward's sword.

"And under the chair lyes Jacob's stone,
The very same stone is now in the chair:"
"A very good jest, had Jacob but one?
How got he so many sons without a pair?"

Iz' staid not there, but down with the tide
Iz' made great hast, and Iz' went my way,
For Iz' was to zee the lions beside,
And the Paris-Garden all in a day.

When I'ze came there I was in a rage,
Ize rayld on him that kept the bears,
Instead of a stake was suffered a stage,
And in Hunks his house a crew of players.

Then through the bridge to the Tower Iz' went,
With much ado Ize ent'rd in,
And after a penny that I had spent,
One with a loud voice did thus begin :

" This lion's the kings, and that is the queens,
And this is the prince's that stands here by."
With that I went near to look in the den.
" Gods body!" quoth he, " why come ye so nigh ?"

Ize made great hast unto my inn,
Iz' zupt, and I went to bed betimes,
Ize zlept, and Iz' dream'd what I had zeen,
And wak'd again by Cheapside chimes.

LVII.

A Song for Autolycus.

(FROM THE SAME MS.)

THIS Song is evidently much older than the date of the MS. from which it is taken. The allusion in the last line but one, to the *Sussex Serpent*, fixes the period of its popularity to have been after 1614. In that year there was a Discourse published of a strange monstrous Serpent in St. Leonard's Forest, in Sussex, which was discovered in the month of August, in 1614. The relation is set forth with an air of great sincerity, and attested by eye-witnesses living on the spot. The Tract may be seen in the third volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*. The *Sussex Serpent* is also mentioned in Ben Jonson's *World in the Moon*, and in Fletcher's *Wit without Money*.

Braithwaite, in his character of "A Ballad Monger," says: "Hee has a singular gift of imagination, for hee can descant on a man's execution long before his confession. Nor comes his invention far short of his imagination; for want of truer relations, for a neede he can find you out a *Sussex Dragon*, some sea or inland monster, drawne out by some Shoe-lane man, in a Gorgon-like feature, to enforce more horror in the beholder."—*Whimzies, or, a New Cast of Characters*, 1631.

Will you buy a new merry booke,
Or a dolefull ditty, then looke?
Here's a proper ballet,
Most fit for the pallet
Of a chamber-maid,
That was over laid,
Which she ru'th,
'Tis call'd *A Warning for Youth:*
He took her bout the middle so small,
He threw her downe, but that was not all,
I should howl out right to tell of the rest,
How this poor maid was over prest.
Therefore quickly come and buy, and read for your penny,
Come, my hearts, 'tis as good a bargain as e're you had any;
Here's no *Sussex Serpent* to fright you here in my bundle,
Nor was it ever printed for the widdow *Trundle*.[21]

[21] The widdow of John Trundle, "neere the Hospital Gate in Smithfield," a celebrated printer of Ballads, before the year 1598. The Elder Knowell in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, says, "Well, if I read this with patience, I'll * * * troll ballads for Maister John Trundle, yonder, the rest of my mortality."

LVIII.

Ballad on Symon Wadloe.

From *Catch that Catch can, or A Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds, and Canons, for* 3 *or* 4 *Voyces. Collected and Published by John Hilton, Batch in Musick.* Printed for John Benson, &c. 1652.

Old Simon Wadloe kept the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, at the time when Ben Jonson and the wits of the Apollo Club met there.

Good Symon, how comes it your nose looks so red,
And your cheeks and lips looke so pale?
Sure the heat of the toast,
Your nose did so roast,
When they were both sous't in ale.

It shows like the spire
Of Paul's steeple on fire,
Each ruby darts forth such flashes;
While your face looks as dead
As if it were lead;
And cover'd all over with ashes.

Now to heighten his colour,
Yet fill his pot fuller,
And nick it not so with froth:
Gramercy! mine host,
It shall save thee a toast;
Sup, Symon, for here is good broth.[22]

[22] In Playford's *Pleasant Musical Companion*, second edition, 1687, may be found the following humourous lines, which evidently relate to the same person:

"AN EPITAPH ON AN HONEST CITIZEN, AND TRUE FRIEND TO ALL CLARET DRINKERS.

Here lieth Symon, cold as clay,
Who, whilst he lived, cry'd 'Tip away;'
And, when Death puts out his taper,
He needeth no *touch upon paper.*
Now let him rest, since he is dead,
And ask'd not for a bit of bread
Before he dy'd; and that is much,
For Death gave him a racey touch.

Now although this same Epitaph was long since given,
Yet Symon's not dead, more than any man living."

LIX.

The Humours of Bartholomew Fair.

From a rare musical volume, entitled *The Second Part of the Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1687.

Here's that will challenge all the Fair:
Come buy my nuts and damsons, my Burgamy pear.
Here's the *Whore of Babylon*, the *Devil and the Pope:*
The girl is just going on the rope.
Here's *Dives and Lazarus*, and the *World's Creation:* [23]
Here's the *Dutch Woman*, the like's not in the nation.

[23] Bagford has preserved, in MS. Harl. 5931, a printed bill of the latter end of the seventeenth century, wherein it is stated that "at Crawley's show, at the Golden Lion, near St. George's Church, during the time of Southwark Fair, will be presented the whole Story of the old Creation of the World, or Paradice Lost, yet newly reviv'd, with the addition of Noah's flood." See Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, ed. Hone, p. 166. The editor has now before him a license, on vellum, with the

Here is the booth where the tall *Dutch Maid* is,
Here are the *bears* that dance like any ladies.
Tota, tota, tot, goes the little *penny trumpet*,
Here's your *Jacob Hall*, that can jump it, jump it.
Sound trumpet: a silver spoon and fork;
Come here's your dainty *Pig and Pork*.

---

seal of the Master of the Revels, dated 1662, permitting "George Bayley, of London, Musitioner, to make show of a play, called *Noah's Flood*." The Harleian MS. just alluded to, contains another hand-bill, of great interest. It begins as follows: "*By Her Majesties permission.* At Heatly's booth, over against the Cross Daggers, next to Mr. Miller's booth, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little Opera, called *The old Creation of the World*, newly reviv'd, with the addition of the glorious battle obtained over the French and Spaniards, by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough," &c.

Braithwaite, in his *Strapado for the Devil*, 1615 (p. 161), alludes to these performances at an earlier period:

> "Saint Bartlemews, where all the pagents showne,
> And all those acts from Adam unto Noe,
> Us'd to be represent."

LX.

The New Humours of Bartholomew Fair.

(FROM THE SAME WORK.)

HERE are the rarities of the whole Fair,
Pimper-le-Pimp, and the wise *Dancing Mare;*
Here's valliant *St. George and the Dragon*, a farce,
A girl of fifteen with strange moles on her a—:
Here's Vienna besieg'd, a rare thing,
And here's *Punchinello*[24] shown thrice to the king.
Ladies mask'd to the cloisters repair,
But there will be no raffling, a pise on the Fair.

[24] The author of *The History of Punch and Judy* was unable to discover any earlier notice for his chapter "On the arrival of Punch in England," or that hero's popularity in our own country, than the annals of Queen Anne's reign afforded. But he deduced from the fact "that no writer of that reign who notices him at all, speaks of him as a novelty, that he could not have recently emigrated from his native country." The earliest notice that the editor has yet found is in a MS. Diary of the year 1660. The overseers' books of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields also contain some curious entries of *Punch*, dating from March 29, 1666. See the second edition of Mr. Cunningham's *Hand-Book of London*, p. 107, where they are quoted. Another early notice occurs in Jordan's ballad, *The Prodigal's Resolution*, 1672.

"At Play-houses and Tennis-court,
I'll prove a noble fellow;
I'll court my doxies to the sport
Of, O brave *Punchinello*."

LXI.

A Song on Bartholomew Fair.

From a MS. volume of old Songs, collected and noted by the celebrated "small-coal" man, Thomas Britton. On the fly-leaf is his autograph, and the date, 1682. It was purchased, with several others of the same kind, and of the same collection, at the sale of John Sidney Hawkins' books.

Bonny lads and damsels,
Your welcome to our booth;
We're now come here on purpose
Your fancies for to sooth:
No heavy Dutch performers,[25]
Amongst us you shall find;
We'll make your lads good humour'd,
And lasses very kind:
Your damsens and filberds,
You're welcome here to crack;
But a glass of merry sack boys,
Is a cordial for the back.

[25] The Dutch woman's booth is spoken of by Gildon in his *Comparison between the Two Stages*, 1702:—"You will see the famous Dutch woman's side-capers, upright-capers, cross-capers, and back-capers, on the tight rope. She walks too on the slack rope, which no woman but herself can do."

You may range about the fair,
New tricks and sights to see;
And when your legs are weary,
Pray come again to me:
There's thread-bare *Holofernes*,[26]
Whom *Judith* long hath slain;
With *Guy of Warwick*, *St. George*,[27]
And *Rosamond's* fair dame:
You'll find some pretty puppets too,
With many a nickey-nack;
But a glass of jolly sack, boys,
Is a cordial for the back.

The houses being low too,
Some players hither come;
But if my stars deceive men not,
They soon will know their doom:
There's other pretty strollers,
That crowd upon us here,

[26] The "drama" of *Judith and Holofernes* was published with the following imprint: "To be sold, in the Booth of Lee and Harper, and only printed for and by G. Lee, in Blue Maid Alley, Southwark."

[27] Poor Elkanah Settle, the City Laureat, after the Revolution, kept a booth in Bartholomew Fair, where, in a droll, called *St. George for England*, he acted in a dragon of green leather of *his own invention*.

That may have booths to let too,
Before their time I fear:
All these may prate and talk much,
Show tricks and bounce and crack;
But here's a glass of sack, boys,
That's a cordial for the back.

Come sit down then brisk lads all,
A bumper to the king;
Old England let's remember,
May peace and plenty spring:
Let war no more perplex you,
Your taxes soon will end;
The soldiers all disbanded,
And each man love his friend:
Be merry then, carouse boys,
See drawer what is't they lack;
And fetch a bottle neat boy,
That's a cordial for the back.

LXII.

The Countryman's Ramble through Bartholomew Fair.

From the same MS. See also Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. i, p. 55, edit. 1707.

Adzooks ches went the other day to London town;
In Smithfield such gazing,
Zuch thrusting and squeezing,
Was never known:
A zitty of wood, some volk do call it Bartledom Fair,
But ches zure nought but kings and queens live there.

In gold and zilver, zilk and velvet, each was drest,
A lord in his zattin,
Was busy a prating,
Amongst the rest;

But one in blue jacket came, which some do
Andrew call,[28]
Adsheart he talk'd woundy witty to 'em all!

At last, adzooks, he made such sport I laugh'd
aloud,
The rogue being flustered,
He flung me a custard
Amidst the crowd:
The volk vell a laughing at me, then the vezen zaid,
Bezure Ralph, give it to Doll the dairy-maid.

I zwallow'd the affront, but stay'd no longer there;
I thrust and I scrambled,
Till further I rambled
Into the Fair;
Where trumpets and bagpipes, kettledrums,
fidlers, all at work,
And the cooks zung, "Here's your delicate Pig
and Pork."[29]

[28] "Here a knave in a foole's coate, with a trumpet sounding, or a drum beating, invites you, and would faine perswade you to see his puppets."—*Bartholomew Faire*, 1641.

[29] *Roasted pigs* formed one of the great attractions of Bartholomew Fair in its palmy days. They were sold piping hot in booths and stalls. "If Bartholomew Faire should last a whole year, nor *pigs* nor *puppet-playes* would ever be surfeited of." Gayton's *Festivious Notes on Don Quixot*, 1654, p. 145. See also Ben Jonson's comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*. *Pigs* were not out of date when Ned Ward wrote his *London Spy*.

I look'd around to see the wonders of the Vair,
Where lads and lasses,
With pudding-bag arses,
Zo nimble were:
Heels over-head, as round as a wheel they turned about,
Old Nick zure was in their breeches without doubt.

Most woundily pleas'd, I up and down the Vair did range,
To zee the vine varies,
Play all their vagaries,
I vow 'twas strange;
I ask'd 'em aloud what country volk they were?
A cross brat answer'd "che were cuckold-shire."

I thrust and shov'd along as well as e'er I could,
At last did I grovel,
Into a dark hovel,
Where drink was sold;
They brought me cans which cost a penny, adsheart!
I'm zure twelve ne're could vill a country quart.

Che went to draw her purse, to pay 'em for their beer,
The devil a penny
Was left of my money,
Che'll vow and zwear:
They doft my hat for a groat, then turned me out of doors,
Adswounds, Ralph, didst ever zee such rogues and whores.

LXIII.

Tobacco is an Indian Weed.

From a broadside, with the Music, "Printed at London, 1670." It is also found in *Merry Drollery Compleat*, 1670, and in *Two Broad-sides against Tobacco: the first given by King James, of famous memory, his Counterblast to Tobacco; the second transcribed out of that learned physician, Dr. Edward Maynewaringe, his Treatise of the Scurvy*, 4to, London, 1672. An earlier copy is contained in a choice little poetical MS. in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier. The latter is subscribed "G. W.," probably George Withers. There is another version in Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, edit. 1707, vol. i, p. 315.

Mr. Dixon, in his *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, prints a Poem, in two Parts, entitled *Smoking Spiritualized*, which he says was written by Ralph Erskine, born 1685. The first part of this "Poem" is a *corrupt* version of the following Song. The second part may be the "composition" of Mr. Erskine; but this is doubtful, as on another page of the same work Mr. Dixon speaks of the author as *Ebenezer* Erskine. The identity of the author is thus somewhat questionable.

The Indian weed withered quite,
Grown at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay,—all flesh is hay:
Thus think, then drink [30] tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily-white,
Shows thee to be a mortal wight,
And even such, gone with a touch:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Think thou beholds't the vanity
Of worldly stuff, gone with a puff:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
And then the fire it doth require:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

[30] *Drinking* tobacco was another term for *smoaking* it. "The smoke of tobacco (the which Dodoneus called rightly Henbane of Peru) *drunke* and *drawen* by a pipe, filleth the membranes of the braine, and astonisheth and filleth many persons with such joy and pleasure, and sweet losse of senses, that they can by no means be without it."—*The Perfuming of Tobacco, and the great abuse committed in it*, 1611.

The ashes that are left behind,
May serve to put thee still in mind,
That unto dust return thou must:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

LXIV.

The Praise of Trinidado.

From Weelkes' *Ayres or Phantasticke Spirites*, 1608. At the period when this book was printed, the product of the island of Trinidado was in great request by the race of smokers. Heylin, our old cosmographer, tells us that the island abounded in the best kind of tobacco, much celebrated formerly by the name of a *Pipe of Trinidado.—Microcosmos*, 4to, *Oxon.*, 1622.

Come, sirrah, Jacke hoe!
Fill some tobacco;
Bring a wire,
And some fire,
Haste, haste, away,
Quicke, I say,
Do not stay,
Shun delay,
I dranke none good to-day.
I sweare that this tobacco
It's perfect Trinidado;
By the very mas,
Never was better gere,
Then is here,
By the roode!
For the blood
'Tis very good.

Fill the pipe once more,
My braines daunce *Trenchmore*;[31]
It is heddy,
I am geddy,
My head and braines,
Back and raines,
Jointes and vaines,
From all paines,
It doth well purge and make cleane.
Then those that doe condemn it,
Or such as not commend it,
Never were so wise to learne,
Good tobacco to discerne:
Let them go
Pluck a crow,
And not know as I do
The swete of Trinidado.

[31] A popular dance of the period. Taylor, the Water-poet, mentions it in a passage which we have not seen quoted:—"Nimble heeled mariners (like so many dancers) capring in the pompes and vanities of this sinful world, sometimes a Morisco, or *Trenchmore* of forty miles long, to the tune of 'Dusty, my Deare,' 'Dirty, come thou to me,' 'Dun out of the mire,' or, 'I wayle in woe and plunge in paine:' all these dances have no other musicke."—*A Navy of Land Ships*, 1627.

LXV.

Tobacco's a Musician.

From a MS. set of Part-books, in the handwriting of Thomas Weelkes, A.D. 1609. Its author was, in all probability, Barten Holiday, who inserted it in his *Texnotamia, or the Marriage of the Arts*, 1618. See also Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, 1807, vol. ii, p. 10.

Tobacco's a Musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close,
Through the organs of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.
This makes me sing so-ho! so-ho! boyes:
Ho! boyes, sound I loudly;
Earth ne'er hid breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases,
When our braines it enters,
Our feete do make indentures;
While we scale with stamping paces.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco's a Physician,
Good both for sound and sickly;
'Tis a hot perfume,
That expells cold rheume,
And makes it flow downe quickly.

This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a Traveller,
Come from the Indies hither;
It passed sea and land,
Ere it came to my hand,
And scaped the wind and weather.

This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a Critticke,
That still old paper turneth,
Whose labour and care,
Is as smoke in the aire,
That ascends from a rag where it burneth.

This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco's an *Ignis fatuus*,
A fat and fyrie vapour,
That leads men about,
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a Whyffler,[32]
And cries huff, snuff, with furie;
His pipes, his club and linke,
He's the wiser that does drinke;
Thus armed I fear not a furie.
This makes me sing, &c.

[32] The derivation of this word is from *whiffle*, to disperse as by a puff of wind, to scatter. Douce says *whiffle* is another name for a fife or a small flute, but he is not supported by any authority. A *whiffler*, in its original signification, evidently meant a staff-bearer. "First 4 whifflers (as servitures), by two and two, walking before, with white staves in their hands, and red and blew ribbons hung beltwise upon their shoulders; these make way for the company."—*A Store House of Armoury and Blazon, by Randle Holme*, book iii, chap. 3, fol. 127.

LXVI.

Ale and Tobacco.

From Ravenscroft's *Brief Discourse*, 1614.

Tobacco fumes away all nastie rheumes,
But health away it never lightly frets;
And nappy ale makes mirth (as April raine doth Earth),
Spring like the pleasant Spring, where ere it soaking wets.
But in that spring of mirth,
Such madnes hye doth growe,
As fills a foole by birth,
With crotchets ale and tobacco.

One cleares the braine, the other glads the hart,
Which they retaine by nature and by art,
The first by nature cleares, by arte makes giddy will,
The last by nature cheares, by arte makes heady still.
So we whose braines els lowe,
Swells high with crotchet rules;
Feede on these two as fat,
As heddy giddy fooles.

LXVII.

The Triumph of Tobacco.

From an old volume of Songs, with the Music, temp. Charles II. In *Wit's Recreations*, 1640, is a Song "In Praise of Sack," and "The Answer of Ale to the Challenge of Sack." These are succeeded by "The Tryumph of Tobacco over Sack and Ale." The latter, with the addition of an opening stanza and other variations, is a copy of what follows. It is attributed, but upon no good grounds, to Francis Beaumont.

Though many men crack,
Some of ale, some of sack,
And think they have reason to do it;
Tobacco hath more,
That will never give o're
The honour they do unto it.

Tobacco engages
Both sexes, all ages,
The poor as well as the wealthy,
From the court to the cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both those that are sick and the healthy.

It plainly appears,
That in a few years
Tobacco more custom hath gained,
Than sack, or than ale,
Of the times, wherein they have reigned.

And worthily too,
For what they undoe,
Tobacco doth help to regaine,
On fairer conditions,
Than many physitians,
Puts an end to much grief and paine.

It helpeth digestion,
Of that there's no question,
The gout, and the toothache, it easeth:
Be it early, or late,
'Tis never out of date
He may safely take it that pleaseth.

Tobacco prevents
Infection by scents,
That hurt the brain, and are heady;
An antidote is,
Before you're amisse,
As well as an after remedy.

The cold it doth heat,
Cools them that do sweat,
And them that are fat maketh lean:
The hungry doth feed,
And, if there be need,
Spent spirits restoreth again.

Tobacco infused,
May safely be used,
For purging, and killing of lice:
Not so much as the ashes,
But heals cuts and slashes,
And that out of hand, in a trice.

The poets of old,
Many fables have told,
Of the Gods and their *symposia;*
But tobacco alone,
Had they known it, had gone
For their *nectar* and *ambrosia.*

It is not the smack
Of ale, or of sack,

That can with tobacco compare;
For taste, and for smell,
It beareth the bell,
From them both where ever they are.

For all their bravado,
It is Trinidado,
That both their noses will wipe
Of the praises they desire,
Unless they conspire
To sing to the tune of his pipe.

LXVIII.

Old England turn'd New.

From the Britton MS., before mentioned (p. 163). It may also be found in the third edition of Henry Playford's *Wit and Mirth; an Antidote against Melancholy*. 8vo. 1682.

You talk of New England, I truly believe
Old England is grown new, and doth us deceive;
I'le ask you a question or two, by your leave,
And is not Old England grown new?

Where are your old souldiers with slashes and scars,
They never us'd drinking in no time of wars,
Nor shedding of blood in mad drunken jars?
And is not Old England grown new?

New captains are made that never did fight,
But with pots in the day, and punks in the night,
And all their chief care is to keep their swords bright;
And is not Old England grown new?

Where are your old swords, your bills, and your bowes,
Your bucklers and targets that never feared blowes?
They are turn'd to stilletto's with other fair showes;
And is not Old England grown new?

Where are your old courtiers that used to ride
With forty blew coats, and footmen beside?
They are turned to six horses, a coach with a guide;
And is not Old England grown new?

And what has become of our Old English cloathes,
Your long sleev'd doublet, and your trunk hose?
They are turn'd to French fashions and other gugaws;
And is not Old England grown new?

Your gallant and his taylor, some half-a-year together,
To fit a new suit to a new hat and feather;
Of gold, or of silver, silk, cloth, stuff, or leather;
And is not Old England grown new?

We have new fashioned beards, and new fashioned
locks,
And new fashioned hats, for your new pated
blocks,
And more new diseases, besides the French pox;
And is not Old England grown new?

New houses are built, the old ones pull'd down,
Until the new houses sell all the old ground,
And the houses stand like a horse in the pound;
And is not Old England grown new?

New fashions in houses, new fashions at table,
Old servants discharg'd, and new not so able,
And all good old customs is but a fable;
And is not Old England grown new?

New trickings, new goings, new measures, new
faces,
New heads for men, for your women new faces,
And twenty new tricks to mend their bad cases;
And is not Old England grown new?

New tricks in the law, new tricks in the rolls,
New bodies they have, they look for new souls,
When the money is paid for building old Paul's;
And is not Old England grown new?

Then talk you no more of New England,
New England is where Old England did stand,
New furnish'd, new fashioned, new woman'd, new man'd;
And is not Old England grown new?

LXIX.

The Lamentation of a Bad Market.

(FROM THE SAME.)

THE year 1633 must be ever memorable in the history of London Bridge: for scarcely in the awful conflagration which consumed almost the whole City, did that brave old edifice suffer so severely. Richard Bloome, one of Stowe's continuators, on p. 61 of his *Survey*, thus speaks of the calamity:

"On the 13th day of February, between eleven and twelve at night, there happened, in the house of one Briggs, a needle-maker, near St. Magnus Church, at the north end of the bridge, by the carelessness of a maid-servant, setting a tub of hot sea-coal ashes under a pair of stairs, a sad and lamentable fire, which consumed all the buildings before eight of the clock the next morning, from the north end of the bridge to the first vacancy on both sides, containing forty-two houses; water then being very scarce, the Thames being almost frozen over. Beneath, in the vaults and cellars, the fire remained glowing and burning a whole week after."

The fatal event here narrated probably gave rise to the following jesting Ballad.

It is printed at the end of a very rare publication, entitled, *The loves of Hero and Leander, a Mock Poem; together with*

choice Poems and rare Pieces of Drollery, got by heart, and often repeated by divers witty Gentlemen and Ladies that use to walke in the New Exchange, and at their recreations in Hide Park. Lond., 1653, 12mo. There is also another edition of 1682; but many of the fescennine rhymes, some of which would have done honour to Hudibras, and many of the witty points of this ballad, are, in that latter copy, most vilely perverted. It may also be found at the end of *Ovid de Arte Amandi, &c., Englished, together with Choice Poems, and rare Pieces of Drollery*, 1662; and in Durfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1719, vol. iv, p. 1.

A copy of the Ballad, in its original state, is in the Pepysian Collection (vol. ii, p. 146), where it is called *The Lamentation of a Bad Market, or the drowning of three children on the Thames. To the tune of the Ladies Fall.* Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

The well-known nursery rhymes—

"Three children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away," &c.,

was most probably found upon the ballad.

Some Christian people *all* give ear
Unto the grief of us:
Caused by the death of three children dear;
The which it happened thus.

And eke there befel an accident,
By fault of a carpenter's son,
Who to saw chips his sharp axe-e-lent
Woe worth the time may Lon-

May London say : woe worth the carpenter!
And all such *block-head* fools ;
Would he were hanged up like a *sarpent* here
For meddling with edge tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark,
Which put out in such flames,
That it was known into South-wark
Which lies beyond the Thames

For *loe!* the bridge was wondrous *high*,
With water underneath ;
O'er which as many fishes fly
As birds therein do breathe.

And yet the fire consumed the brigg,
Not far from place of landing ;
And though the building was full big,
It fell down—*not-with-standing*.

And eke into the water fell
So many pewter dishes,
That a man might have taken up very well
Both boiled and roasted fishes!

And thus the bridge of London town,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was *all* by fire *half* burnt down
For being too *contumptious!*

Thus you have *all* but *half* my song,
Pray list to what comes *ater;*
For now I have *cool'd* you with the *fire,*
I'll *warm* you with the *water!*

I'll tell you what the river's name's
Where the children did slide-a,
It was fair London's swiftest Thames,
Which keeps both time and tide-a.

All on the tenth of January,
To the wonder of much people;
'Twas frozen o'er that well 'twould bear
Almost a country steeple!

Three children sliding thereabout,
Upon a place too thin;
That so at last it did *fall out*,
That they did all *fall in*.

A great lord there was that laid with the king,
And with the king great wager makes;
But when he saw that he could not win
He sigh'd, and would have drawn stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
And laid a hundred pound;
The king said it would break, and so it did,
For three children there were drown'd.

Of which one's head was from his shoulders stricken,—whose name was John;
Who then cried out as loud as he could
Oh Lon-a! Lon-a! London!

Oh! tut-tut-turn from thy sinful race!
Thus did his speech decay;
I wonder that in such a case
He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, alack! alack!
The water ran down their throats,
And stopp'd their breath three hours by the clock,
Before they could get any boats!

Ye parents all that children have,
And ye that have none yet,
Preserve your children from the grave,
And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a sermon been,
Or else upon dry ground,
Why then I never would have been seen,
If that they had been drown'd.

Even as a huntsman ties his dogs
For fear they should go fro' him;
So tye your children with severity's clogs,
Untie 'em and you'll *undo 'em.*

God bless our noble Parliament,
And rid them from all fears;
God bless *all* the Commons of this land
And God bless—*some* of the Peers!

LXX.

London's Ordinary; or, Every Man in his Humour.

THIS humourous old Song is from a small oblong Common-place Book of Music and Poetry, written at the close of the seventeenth century. It is evidently of much earlier date than the hand-writing of the MS., and a black-letter copy "Printed by the assignes of Thomas Symcocke" is preserved in the Roxburghe Collection (vol. i, p. 212). It has been very incorrectly printed, with the entire omission of one stanza (the twelfth) in Evans's *Collection of Old Ballads*. A portion of the same is also inserted, under the title of "The Tavern Song," in the third edition of *Wit and Mirth, an Antidote against Melancholy*, 1682.

In a black-letter Poem of Queen Elizabeth's reign, entitled *Newes from Bartholemew Fayre*, there is a curious enumeration of Taverns in London, namely:—

"There hath been great sale and utterance of wine,
Besides beere, and ale, and Ipocras fine,
In every country, region and nation,
But chiefly in Billingsgate, at the *Salutation*;
And the *Bore's Head*, near London Stone;
The *Swan* at Dowgate, a taverne well knowne;

The *Miter* in Cheape, and then the *Bull Head;*
And many like places that make noses red:
The *Bore's Head* in Old Fish Street; *Three Crowns* in the Vintry;
And now, of late, St. Martin's in the Seutree:
The *Windmill* in Lothbury; the *Ship* at the Exchange;
King's Head in New Fish Street, where roysters do range:
The *Mermaid* in Cornhill; *Red Lion* in the Strand;
Three Tuns in Newgate Market; Old Fish Street at the *Swan.*"

Several of the above Signs have been continued to the present day, in the very places mentioned; but nearly all the original buildings were destroyed in the fire of 1666, and the few which escaped have been rebuilt, or so altered, that their former appearance has altogether vanished.

THROUGH the Royal Exchange as I walked,
Where gallants in satin did shine:
At midst of the day they parted away
At several places to dine.

The gentry went to the King's-head,
The nobles unto the Crown;
The knights unto the Golden Fleece,
And the ploughman to the Clown.

The clergy will dine at the Mitre,
The vintners at the Three Tuns;
The usurers to the Devil will go,
And the friars unto the Nuns.

The ladies will dine at the Feathers,
The Globe no captain will scorn;
The huntsmen will go to the Greyhound below,
And some townsmen to the Horn.

The plumbers will dine at the Fountain,
The cooks at the Holy Lamb;
The drunkards at noon, to the Man in the Moon,
And the cuckolds to the Ram.

The roarers will dine at the Lion,
The watermen at the Old Swan;
The bawds will to the Negro go,
And the whores to the Naked Man.

The keepers will to the White Hart,
The mariners unto the Ship;
The beggars they must take their way
To the Eggshell and the Whip.

The farriers will to the Horse,
The blacksmith unto the Lock;
The butchers to the Bull will go,
And the carmen to Bridewell Dock.

The fishmongers unto the Dolphin,
The bakers to the Cheat Loaf;
The turners unto the Ladle will go,
Where they may merrily quaff.

The taylors will dine at the Shears,
The shoemakers will to the Boot;
The Welshmen they will take their way
And dine at the sign of the Goat.

The hosiers will dine at the Leg,
The drapers at the sign of the Brush;
The fletchers to Robin Hood will go,
And the spendthrift to Beggars-Bush.

The pewterers to the Quart Pot,
The coopers will dine at the Hoop;
The cobblers to the Last will go,
And the bargemen to the Scoop.

The carpenters will dine at the Axe,
The colliers will dine at the Sack;
Your fruiterer he to the Cherry Tree—
Good fellows no liquor will lack.

The goldsmiths to the Three Cups,
Their money they count as dross;
Your Puritan to the Pewter Can,
And your Papists to the Cross.

The weavers will dine at the Shuttle,
The glovers will unto the Glove;
The maidens all to the Maidenhead,
And true lovers unto the Dove.

The saddlers will dine at the Saddle,
The painters to the Green Dragon;
The Dutchman will go to the sign of the Vrow,
Where each man may drink his flaggon.

The chandlers will dine at the Scales,
The salters at the sign of the Bag;
The porters take pain at the Labour-in-vain,
And the horse-courser to the White Nag.

Thus every man in his humour,
From north unto the south;
But he that hath no money in his purse
May dine at the sign of the Mouth.

The swaggerers will dine at the Fencers;
But those that have lost their wits
With Bedlam Tom let there be their home,
And the Drum the drummer best fits.

The cheater will dine at the Chequer,
The pickpockets at a blind alehouse,
Till taken and tried, up Holborn they ride,
And make their end at the gallows.

*** In Thomas Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1608, is the following "Song," which may be the original of the Ballad. It is sung by the Lord Valerius, who has no fewer than *seventeen* songs in the course of the "Tragedy," as it is termed.

"The gentry to the King's Head,
The nobles to the Crown,
The knights unto the Golden Fleece,
And to the Plough the clown.

The churchman to the Mitre,
  The shepherd to the Star,
The gardener hies him to the Rose,
  To the Drum, the man-of-war.

To the Feathers, ladies, you; the Globe
  The seaman doth not scorn;
The usurer to the Devil, and
  The townsmen to the Horn.

The huntsman to the White Hart,
  To the Ship the merchants go;
But you that do the muses love,
  The sign called River Po.

The banquerout to the World's End,
  The fool to the Fortune hie;
Unto the Mouth the oyster wife,
  The fiddler to the Pie.

The punk unto the Cockatrice,
  The drunkard to the Vine,
The beggar to the Bush, then meet,
  And with Duke Humphrey dine."

LXXI.

A Tom-o'-Bedlam Song.

(FROM THE SAME).

MR. D'ISRAELI in his excellent Paper on "Tom-o'-bedlams"[33] makes the following remarks:—"An itinerant lunatic, chanting wild ditties, fancifully attired, gay with the simplicity of childhood, yet often moaning with the sorrows of a troubled man, a mixture of character at once grotesque and plaintive, became an interesting object to poetical minds. It is probable that the character of Edgar, in the Lear of Shakespeare, first introduced the hazardous conception into the poetical world. Poems composed in the character of a Tom-o'-Bedlam appear to have formed a fashionable class of poetry among the wits; they seem to have held together their poetical contests, and some of these writers became celebrated for their successful efforts; for old Izaak Walton mentions 'Mr. William Basse as one who has made the Songs of the 'Hunter in his career,' and of 'Tom-o'-Bedlam,' and many others of note.' Bishop Percy in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, has preserved six of what he calls 'Mad Songs,' expressings his surprise that the English should have 'more songs and ballads on the subject of madness than any of their neighbours,' for such are not found in the collection of songs of the French, Italian, &c., and nearly insinuates, for their cause, that we are perhaps

[33] *Curiosities of Literature*, p. 285, edit. 1838.

more liable to the calamity of madness than other nations. This superfluous criticism had been spared had that elegant collector been aware of the circumstance which had produced this class of poems, and recollected the more ancient original in the Edgar of Shakespeare."

Aubrey in his *Natural History of Wiltshire* (MS.) says, "Till the breaking out of the Civil Wars, Tom-o'-Bedlams did travel about the country. They had been once distracted men that had been put into Bedlam, where recovering to some soberness they were licentiated to go a begging. They had on their left arms an armilla of tin, about four inches long; they could not get it off. They wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or bawdrick, which when they came to a house for alms they did wind; and they did put the drink given them into this horn, whereto they did put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any of them." Edgar, in Shakespeare's "King Lear," it will be remembered, carries a horn.

The following Song is printed in a scarce Miscellany, entitled *Wit and Drollery*, 1659; and at the end of *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660.

From the hag and hungry goblin
That into rags would rend ye,
All the spirits that stand
By the naked man,
In the book of moons defend ye!

That of your five sound senses
You never be forsaken;
Nor never travel from
Yourselves with Tom
Abroad to beg your bacon.

CHORUS.

Nor never sing, any food and feeding,
Money, drink or clothing;
Come dame or maid,
Be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

Of thirty bare years have I
Twice twenty been enraged;
And of forty, been
Three times fifteen
In durance soundly caged.
In the lovely lofts of Bedlam,
In stubble soft and dainty,
Brave bracelets strong,
Sweet whips, ding dong,
And a wholesome hunger plenty.

Yet did I sing, &c.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,
And a cruise of cockle pottage,
And a thing thus—tall,
Sky bless you all,
I fell into this dotage.
I slept not since the Conquest;
Till then I never waked;
Till the roguish boy
Of love, where I lay,
Me found, and stript me naked.

Yet do I sing, &c.

When short I have shorn my sow's face,
And swigg'd my horned barrel,
In an oaken inn
Do I pawn my skin
As a suit of gilt apparel.
The morn's my constant mistress,
And the lonely owl my marrow;
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow, make
Me music, to my sorrow.

Yet do I sing, &c.

The palsie plague these pounces,
When I prig your pigs or pullen;
Your culvers take,
Or mateless make
Your chanticleer and sullen;
When I want provant, with *Humphrey* I sup,
And when benighted,
To repose in Paul's,
With waking souls,
I never am afrighted.

Yet do I sing, &c.

I know more than Apollo,
For, oft when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping;
The moon embraces her shepherd,
And the queen of love her warrior;
While the first doth horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.

And yet do I sing, &c.

With a host of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander;
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander;
With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to Tourney
Ten leagues beyond,
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey!
Yet do I sing, &c.

LXXII.

The Plain-Dealing Man.

THIS excellent old Ballad is given from one of Thomas Britton's old music books, corrected by a black-letter copy, in the editor's library, "Printed for Tho. Vere, at the signe of the Angel without Newgate."

A CROTCHET comes into my mind,
concerning a proverb of old;
Plain dealing's a jewel most rare,
and more precious than silver or gold:
And therefore with patience give ear,
and listen to what here is pen'd,
These verses were written on purpose
the honest man's cause to defend:
For this I will make it appeare,
and prove by experience I can,
'Tis the excellent'st thing in the world
to be a plain-dealing man.

Yet some are so impudent grown,
they'l domineer, vapour, and swagger,
And say that the plain-dealing man
was born to dye a beggar:

But men that are honestly given,
doth such evill actions detest,
And every one that is wel-minded,
will say that plain-dealing is best:
For this I will, &c.

For my part I was a poore man,
and sometimes scarce master of a shilling,
Yet to live upright in the world,
heaven knows I am wondrous willing!
Although that my clothes be thred-bare,
and my calling be simple and poore,
Yet will I endeavour myself
to keep off the wolf from the doore:
For this I will, &c.

And now to be briefe in discourse,
In plain terms I'le tell you my mind,
My qualities you shall all know,
And to what my humour's inclin'd:
I hate all dissembling base knaves,
and pick-thanks whoever they be,
And for painted fac'd drabs, and such like,
they shall never get penny of me;
For this I will, &c.

Nor can I abide any tongue
that wil prattle and prate against reason,
About that which doth not concern them,
which thing is no better then treason:
Wherefore I'd wish al that do hear me
not to meddle with matters of state,
Lest they be in question call'd for't,
and repent them when it is too late:
For this I will, &c.

O fie upon spightfull neighbours,
whose malicious humours are bent,
And to practise and strive every day
to wrong the poore innocent:
By means of such persons as they,
there hath many a good mother's son
Bin utterly brought to decay,
their wives and their children undone:
But this I will, &c.

O fie upon forsworn knaves,
that do no conscience make
To sweare, and to forswear themselves
at every third word they doe speak;

So they may get profit and gains
they care not what lys they doe tell,
Such cursed dissemblers as they
are worse than the divels of hell!
But this I will, &c.

O fie upon greedy bribe-takers,
'tis pitty they ever drew breath,
For they like to base caterpillers,
devoure up the fruits of the earth:
They'r apt to take money with both hands
on one side, and also the other,
And care not what men they undoe,
though't be their own father or brother:
Therefore I will make it appeare,
and shew very good reasons I can,
'Tis the excellent'st thing in the world
to be a plaine-dealing man.

O fie upon cheaters and theeves,
that liveth by fraud and deceit,
The gallows do for such blades groan,
and the hang-man do for their clothes
wait:

Though poverty be a disgrace,
and want is a pittifull griefe,
'Tis better to goe like a begger,
than to ride in a cart like a thiefe:
For this I will, &c.

And now let all honest men judge,
if such men as I have here nam'd,
For their wicked and impudent dealings
deserveth not much to be blam'de?
And now here before I conclude,
one item to the world I will give,
Which may direct some the right way
and teach them the better to live:
For now I have made it appeare,
and many men witnesse it can,
'Tis the excellent'st thing in the world
to be a plain-dealing man.

I'th first place, Ide wish you beware
what company you come in;
For those that are wicked themselves
may quickly tempt others to sin;

If youths be indued with wealth
and have plentie of silver and gold,
Ide wish them keepe something in store
to comfort them when they are old:
I have known some young prodigals
which have wasted their money so fast,
That they have bin driven in want,
and were forced to beg at the last:
Ide wish all men bear a good conscience,
in all their actions be just,
For he's a false varlet indeed,
that will not be true to his trust.

And now to conclude my new song,
and draw to a perfect conclusion,
I have told you what is in my mind,
and what is my resolution:
For thus I have made it appeare,
and prove by experience I can,
'Tis the excellent'st thing in the world
to be a plain-dealing man.

LXXIII.

The Plain-Dealing Woman:

OR,

COME SHEPHERDS, DECK YOUR HEADS.[34]

(FROM THE SAME.)

THIS Ballad is thus mentioned in Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*:—"MILKWOMAN. What song was it, I pray? was it 'Come, Shepherds, deck your Heads;' or, 'As at Noon Dulcinea rested;' or, Phillida flouts me;' or, 'Chevy Chase;' or, 'Johnny Armstrong;' or, 'Troy Town?'"

Another copy is contained in a folio MS. of Songs, written in the former part of the seventeenth century, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. (See Mr. Black's excellent Catalogue, No. 38, art. 164.) It is also to be found in Sir H. Nicolas' edition of Walton's *Angler*, published by Pickering, who gives it from a MS. formerly in the possession of Richard Heber, Esq.

The air to which it was sung was extremely popular at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the musical notes may be seen in Adrian Valerium's *Neder-Landtsche Gedenck-clank*, Haerlem, 1626; and in Jan Starter's *Friesche Lust-hof*, Amsterdam, 1634.

[34] In the third, fourth, fifth, and perhaps other editions of Walton's *Angler*, this word is erroneously printed "*herds*."

Come, Shepheards, deck your heads
No more with bayes, but willowes;
Forsake your downie beds,
And make the downes your pillowes;
And mourn with me, since crost
As never yet was no man,
For shepheard neaver lost
So plaine a dealinge woman.

All yee forsaken wooers,
That ever care oppressed,
And all you lusty doers,
That ever love distressed,
That losses can condole,
And all togeather summon,
Oh! mourne for the poor soule
Of my plaine dealinge woman.

Fair Venus made her chast,
And Ceres beauty gave her;
Pan wept when shee was lost,
The Satyrs strove to have her;

Yet seem'd she to theire view
So coy, so nice, that no man
Could judge but he that knew
My own plaine dealinge woman.

At all her pretty parts
I nere enough can wonder;
She overcame all hearts,
Yet shee all hearts came under;
Her inward minde was sweete,
Good tempers ever common;
Shepheard shall never meet
So plaine a dealinge woman.

LXXIV.

The Praise of Christmas.

(FROM THE SAME.)

THIS excellent old Song is corrected from a black-letter copy, "Printed at London, by H[enry[G[osson]," in the Pepysian Collection. Another copy (of the First Part only) is in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. The black-letter copy is directed to be sung "to the tune of 'When Phœbus did Rest,'" which tune, under the title of "Drive the Cold Winter away" (the burden of our song), may be found in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1650. Many of the Cavalier Songs against the Rump Parliament were sung to this tune.

ALL hail to the days that merit more praise,
  Than all the rest of the year,
And welcome the nights that double delights
  As well for the poor as the peer!
Good fortune attend each merry man's friend,
  That doth but the best that he may;
Forgetting old wrongs, with carols and songs,
  To drive the cold winter away.

Let Misery pack, with a whip at his back,
To the deep Tantalian flood;
In Lethe profound, let Envy be drown'd,
That pines at another man's good;
Let Sorrow's expense be banded from hence,
All payments have greater delay,
We'll spend the long nights in cheerful delights,
To drive the cold winter away.

'Tis ill for a mind to anger inclined,
To think of small injuries now;
If wrath be to seek, do not lend her thy cheek,
Nor let her inhabit thy brow.
Cross out of thy books malevolent looks,
Both beauty and youth's decay,
And wholly concert, with mirth and with sport,
To drive the cold winter away.

The court in all state, now opens her gate,
And gives a free welcome to most;
The city likewise, tho' somewhat precise,
Doth willingly part with her roast:

But yet by report, from city and court,
The country will e'er gain the day;
More liquor is spent, and with better content,
To drive the cold winter away.

Our good gentry there, for cost do not spare,
The yeomanry fast not till Lent;
The farmers and such, think nothing too much,
If they keep but to pay for their rent.
The poorest of all now do merrily call,
When at a fit place they can stay,
For a song or a tale, or a cup of good ale,
To drive the cold winter away.

Thus none will allow of solitude now,
But merrily greets the time,
To make it appear, of all the whole year,
That this is accounted the prime:
December is seen apparel'd in green,
And January fresh as May
Comes dancing along, with a cup and a song,
To drive the cold winter away.

THE SECOND PART.

This time of the year is spent in good cheer,
And neighbours together do meet,
To sit by the fire, with friendly desire,
Each other in love to greet;
Old grudges forgot, are put in the pot,
All sorrows aside they lay;
The old and the young doth carol this song,
To drive the cold winter away.

Sisley and Nanny, more jocund than any,
As blithe as the month of June,
Do carol and sing, like birds of the spring,
No Nightingale sweeter in tune;
To bring in content, when summer is spent,
In pleasant delight and play,
With mirth and good cheer, to end the whole year,
And drive the cold winter away.

The shepherd, the swain, do highly disdain
To waste out their time in care,
And Clim of the Clough[35] hath plenty enough,
If he but a penny can spare
To spend at the night, in joy and delight,
Now after his labours all day;
For better than lands is the help of his hands,
To drive the cold winter away.

To mask and to mum kind neighbours will come,
With wassels of nut-brown ale,
To drink and carouse, to all in the house,
As merry as bucks in the dale;
Where cake, bread and cheese, is brought for your fees,
To make you the longer stay;
At the fire to warm, 'twill do you no harm,
To drive the cold winter away.

[35] *Clim of the Clough* means Clem (Clement) of the Cliff, a noted archer, once famous in the north of England. See the old Ballad, *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly*, printed by Bp. Percy.

When Christmas's tide comes in like a bride,
With holly and ivy clad,
Twelve days in the year, much mirth and good cheer,
In every household is had;
The country guise is then to devise,
Some gambols of Christmas play,
Whereat the young men do best that they can,
To drive the cold winter away.

When white bearded frost hath threatened his worst,
And fallen from branch and briar,
Then time away calls, from husbandry halls,
And from the good countryman's fire,
Together to go, to plow and to sow,
To get us both food and array,
And thus with content the time we have spent,
To drive the cold winter away.

L'Envoy.

Go, Little Booke, to suttle world,
And shew thy simple face,
And forward passe, and do not turne
Agayne to my disgrace.
For thou shalt bring to people's eares
But truth, that needes not blush;
And though perchance thou get'st rebuke,
Care not for that a rush:
For evill tongues do itch so sore,
They must be rubbing still
Against the teeth, that should hold fast
The clapper of the mill.
Desire those men that likes thee not,
To lay thee downe againe,
Till some sweete nappe and harmlesse sleepe
Hath settled troubled brayne.

Additional Notes and Illustrations.

NOTE TO INTRODUCTION.

The Minstrels.

"When Thomas (the first archbishop of York after the Conquest) heard any of the secular minstrels sing a tune which pleased him, he adopted and formed it for the use of the church by some necessary variations."—*William of Malmsbury.*

"All our early melodies, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, no doubt derived from the same source—the minstrels, will be found on examination to have sprung from the minstrel practice of descanting or singing extempore on the plain chant or plain song of the church; and some passages of the plain song, as exhibited in the *Formula according to the use of Salisbury*, as established in 1077, by OSMUND, bishop of Salisbury, are so evidently the basis to dance tunes still remaining, that there can be little doubt that the melody, or upper part, was formed upon them."—*Preface to J. Stafford Smith's Musica Antiqua*, p. 3.

The passage from William of Malmsbury above quoted, is of some importance, and if rightly interpreted reverses the position assumed by the latter writer. At any rate it establishes the close connection between the minstrels and the monks, and thereby strengthens the arguments brought forward in our Introduction.

Dan dyry, cum dan, dan, &c. (p. 53.)

This apparently ridiculous burden may be only a different reading of "Down, down, down, derry down," which a learned Welshman supposes to be a Druidical fragment. "Dan, dan, dandirly dan," is the burden to one of the Songs in the Fairfax MS. (*Add. MS. Brit. Mus.* No. 5465); and Southey gives a traditional burden of a similar kind—

"Fa la la lerridan,
Dan dan dan derridan,
Dan dan dan derridan,
Derridan dee."

(See *The Doctor*, edit. 1848, p. 386).

I cannot come every day to woo. (p. 60).

A version of this old ditty occurs in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, edit. 1707, vol. i, p. 135. It is as follows—

"Quoth John to Joan, Wilt thou have me?
I prethe now wilt? and I'se marry with thee;
My cow, my sow, my house, and my rents,
And my lands and tenements.

Say my Joan, say my Joany, wilt that not do,
I cannot, cannot come every day to woo!

"I have corn and hay in the barn hard by,
And three fat hogs pent up in the sty;
I have a mare and she's coal black,
I ride on her tail to save her back:
Say my Joan, &c.

"I have a cheese upon the shelf,
I cannot eat it all myself;
I have three gude marks that lie in rag,
In the nook of the chimney instead of a bag;
Say my Joan, &c.

"To marry I would have thy consent,
But faith I never could compliment;
I can say nought but 'Hay gee hoa!'
Terms that belong to cart and plough:
Say my Joan," &c.

Pagington's Pound. (p. 147, l. 17).

This curious tune is to be found in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book;* in *A New Book of Tablature*, 1596, &c. It takes its name from Sir John Packington, commonly called "Lusty Packington," a great favourite with the maiden queen. This is proved by an early MS. copy in the editor's library, where the tune is called "A Fancy of Sir John Paginton's."

Selinger's Round. (p. 147, l. 20).

Also in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*. The name is a corruption of "St. Leger's Round," probably from Sir Antony St. Leger, whom Henry VIII appointed lord deputy of Ireland in 1540. It is probably the oldest popular English tune extant.

Ladies masked to the cloisters repair. (p. 162, l. 7).

In 1707 was printed a poem entitled *The Cloister in Bartholomew Fair*. It presents a "pretty picture" of "Bartlemy" irregularities—

"To the cloisters I went, where the gallants resort,
And all sorts and sizes came in for their sport,
Whose saucy behaviour and impudent air
Proclaimed them the subjects of Bartlemy Fair."

A Walk to Smithfield, 1701.

Tobacco is an Indian weed. (p. 170).

The following version of this Ballad is from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Collier, and is the one referred to as having the initials "G. W." (i. e. George Withers) at the end.

"Why should we so much despise,
So good and wholesome an exercise,
As early and late to meditate;
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"The earthen pipe so lily white,
Shows that thou art a mortal wight,
Even such, and gone with a small touch;
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"And when the smoke ascends on high,
Think on the worldly vanity
Of worldly stuff, 'tis gone with a puff;
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"And when the pipe is foul within,
Think how the soul's defiled with sin,
To purge with fire it doth require;
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"Lastly, the ashes left behind,
May daily show to move the mind,
That to ashes and dust return we must;
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

FINIS.

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